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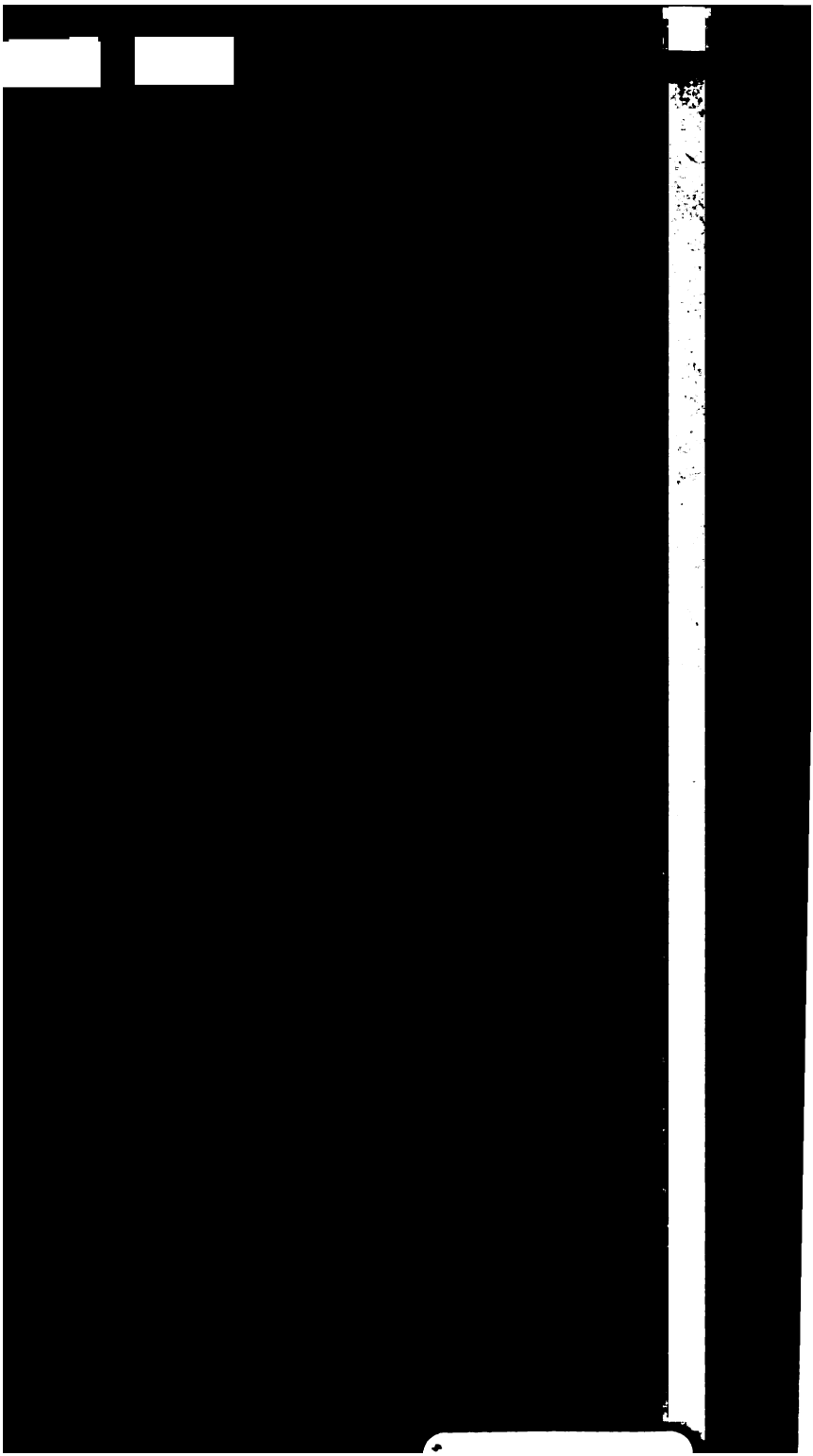

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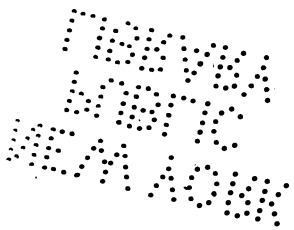

THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE:

A

COMEDY.

PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DRURY LANE.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Esq.

Bonus animus læsus gravius multo irascitur.

LONDON:

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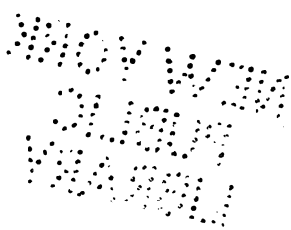

PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. PALMER.

A FARMER late (so country records say)
From the next market homewards took his way;
When as the bleak unsheltered heath he cross'd,
Fast bound by winter in obdurate frost,
The driving snow-storm smote him in his course,
High blow'd the North, and rag'd in all its force;
Slow-pac'd and full of years, th' unequal strife
Long time he held, and struggled hard for life;
Vanquish'd at length, benumb'd in every part,
The very life-blood curdling at his heart,
Torpid he stood, in frozen fetters bound,
Doz'd, reel'd and dropt expiring to the ground.
Haply his dog, by wondrous instinct fraught
With all the reas'ning attributes of thought,
Saw his sad state, and to his dying breast
Close cow'ring, his devoted body press'd;
Then howl'd amain for help, till, passing near,
Some charitable rustic lent an ear,
Rais'd him from earth, recall'd his flitting breath,
And snatch'd him from the icy arms of death.

So when the chilling blast of secret woe
Checks the soul's genial current in its flow—
When death-like lethargy arrests the mind,
Till man forgets all feeling for his kind,
To his cold heart the friendly Muse can give
Warmth, and a pulse that forces him to live,
By the sweet magic of her scene beguile,
And bend his rigid muscles to a smile,
Shake his stern breast with sympathetic fears,
And make his frozen eye-lids melt in tears,
Pursuing still her life-restoring plan,
Till he perceives and owns himself a man.

Warm'd with these hopes, this night we make appeal
To British hearts—for they are hearts that feel.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR DAVID DAW -	MR. R. PALMER.
TEMPEST - -	MR. KING.
PENRUDDOCK -	MR. KEMBLE.
WOODVILLE -	MR. WHITFIELD.
SYDENHAM - -	MR. PALMER.
HENRY WOODVILLE -	MR. C. KEMBLE.
WEAZEL - -	MR. SUETT.
WOODVILLE's Servant -	MR. WALDRON.
Attendant in the House of WOODVILLE	MR. PHILLIMORE.
JENKINS - -	MR. BLAND.
Livery Servant -	MR. TRUEMAN.
Servants of Sir George Penruddock	MR. MADDOCKS.
	MR. BANKS.
	MR. EVANS.
	MR. FISHER.
	MR. LYONS.
Servant to TEMPEST -	MR. WEBB.
Mrs. WOODVILLE -	MRS. POWELL.
EMILY TEMPEST -	MISS FARREN.
DAME DUNCKLEY -	MRS. MADDOCKS.
Maid of the Lodging -	MISS TIDSWELL.

SCENE for the First Act PENRUDDOCK's Cottage; for the rest, in LONDON.

THE

THE

WHEEL OF FORTUNE:

A

COMEDY.

ACT I.

(The Cottage of PENRUDDOCK, *ſeated in a Groupe of Trees, with a Foreſt Scene of Wood and Heath.* WEAZEL *enters, in a Travelling Dreſs.)*

WEAZEL.

WAS ever gentle traveller, ſince the days of Robinſon Cruſoe, ſo put to his ſhifts, as I Timothy Weazel, Attorney at law? I have loſt my guide, my guide has loſt himſelf, and my horſe has abſconded, with bridle, ſaddle, and all his ſhoes, ſave one he left behind him in a ſlough. I ſaw a fellow ſetting ſpringes for woodcocks, and ſhow'd him ſignals of diſtreſs; but the carle ran off at the ſight of me, and vaniſh'd like a Jack o'lantern. If I underſtood the language of birds, there is not one within call to anſwer to a queſtion; the creatures have got wings, and are too wiſe to ſtay in ſuch a place.—Hold, hold! I ſee a hut, or a hovel, or a Laplander's lodge, behind theſe trees; and here comes one hobbling upon two ſhanks and a crutch, a proper ſample of the ſoil ſhe withers in. —Holloa! Dame, do you hear? Give me a word with you, if your ſenſes can afford it.

Dame DUNCKLEY *enters.*

Dame. What would you have with me? What is your buſineſs here?

Weazel. You're right, it muſt be buſineſs; nobody would come here for pleaſure.

Dame. No, nor is this a houſe of call for travellers.

Weazel. That I can believe, if you are the repreſentative of it; that is, as I may ſay, *luce clarius.*

Dame. There's no ſuch perſon here, ſo you may go your ways, before my maſter ſends you packing.

Weazel. You have a maſter, have you? Call him out then, and let him direct me in my road to Roderick Penruddock, Eſquire, and I'll reward him for his pains.

Dame. You'll reward my maſter! Saucy companion! If Roderick Penruddock is the gentleman you want, you need not go any further—there he lives.

Weazel. There you lie, I believe. Penruddock in that cottage!

Dame. Why not? Will you face me out, who have liv'd with him theſe twenty years? And what if it be but a cottage? Content is every thing; my good maſter is not proud.

Weazel. Melancholy, I ſhou'd think, if a conſtant memorandum of mortality can make him ſo. —He was croſs'd in love in his younger days.

Dame. That I know nothing of.

Weazel. I don't ſay you was in the fault of it.

Dame. He is a man of few words, to be ſure; but then he has a world of learning in his head; everlaſtingly at his books.

Weazel. Is he at 'em now?

Dame. Deep, not to be approach'd.

Weazel. And alone?

Dame. To be ſure: I never diſturb him in his hours

hours of ſtudy; at every other time he's kind and gentle as the dew of heaven.

Weazel. What am I to do then, who have come ſome hundred miles upon his buſineſs?

Dame. Ev'n what you pleaſe, Sir. I'm ſure it is no buſineſs of mine, and I'll have nothing to do with it. [*Steps aſide.*

Weazel. Well, if he will not welcome the good news I bring him, he muſt be a philoſopher indeed. I'll begin my approaches cautiouſly, however—the door is faſt—I'll touch it tenderly.—Within there! Who's at home?—Silence and famine, I ſhou'd gueſs, for nothing ſtirs.

Dame. [*from aſide.*] Go on, go on. By the living, my fine ſpark, I wou'd not be in your place for a little.

Weazel. Not yet? This will never do. Good fortune may be warranted to rap a little louder.—What, hoa! Within, I ſay!—Will nobody hear me?

[PENRUDDOCK *opens the caſement.*

Penrud. I hear you. What is it you want?

Weazel. With your leave, I want a few words with you.

Penrud. Send 'em in at the window then, and the fewer the better.

Weazel. I bring you news out of Cornwall; news of great conſequence.

Penrud. Who are you, and what are you?

Weazel. Timothy Weazel, of Leſtwithiel, attorney at law, and agent to Sir George Penruddock: let me into your houſe.

Penrud. Keep on the outſide of it, if you pleaſe; I'll deal with you in the open air.

[*Shuts the caſement.*

WEAZEL.

Here's a ſurly humor; here's a pretty freak of

Fortune, to pile bags of money on the back of an aſs, who only kicks againſt the burthen; I warrant, if the ſky rain'd gold, this churl would not hold out his diſh to catch it; but we ſhall ſoon ſee what ſtuff his philoſophy is made of; good chance if I don't ſhake his metaphyſics out of him ere long. O ho! I've bolted him, however.—Zooks! What a heathen philoſopher it is.

PENRUDDOCK *appears.*

Penrud. Now, Mr. Attorney, what have you to ſay, for thus diſturbing my whole family? What have I done, or the poor cat, my peaceable companion, that thus the boiſterous knuckles of the law ſhou'd mar our meditations?

Weazel. Truly, Sir, I was compell'd to make ſome little noiſe; your caſtle is but ſmall—

Penrud. It's big enough for my ambition.

Weazel. And paſſing ſolitary.

Penrud. I wiſh you had ſuffer'd it to be ſilent too.

Weazel. In faith, Sir, if I knew how to be heard without a ſound, I would gratify your wiſh; but if your ſilence ſuffers by my news, I hope your happineſs will not.

Penrud. Happineſs! What's that? I am content, I enjoy tranquillity; Heaven be thank'd, I have nothing to do with happineſs.

Weazel. There you are beyond me, Sir. If an humble fortune and this poor cottage give you content, perhaps great riches and a ſplendid houſe wou'd not add to it.

Penrud. Explain your meaning, friend: I don't underſtand you.

Weazel. In plain words, then, you are to know, that your rich relation, Sir George Penruddock, is deceas'd.

Penrud.

Penrud. Dead!

Weazel. Defunct; gone to his anceſtors; whipp'd away by the ſudden ſtroke of an apoplexy; this moment here, Heaven knows where the next: Death will do it when he likes, and how he likes; I need not remind you, Sir, who are ſo learned a philoſopher, how frail the tenure of mortality.

Penrud. You need not, indeed: If Sir George thought as ſeriouſly of death before it happened, it may have been well for him; but his thoughts, I fear, were otherwiſe employed.

Weazel. I much doubt if he ever thought at all; he was a fine gentleman, and liv'd freely.

Penrud. No wonder then he died ſuddenly—but how does this apply to me?

Weazel. No otherwiſe than as you are the heir of every thing he poſſeſs'd: I have the will in ſafe keeping about me.

Penrud. Have patience; this is ſomewhat ſudden; I am unprepar'd for ſuch an event; 'twas never in my contemplation: I was in no habits with Sir George, never courted him, never correſponded with him; the ſmall annuity, 'tis true, on which I have ſubſiſted, was charg'd on his eſtate, and regularly paid, but here he never came; man cou'd not be more oppoſite to man; he worſhipp'd Fortune, I deſpis'd her; I ſtudied cloſely, he gam'd inceſſantly—

Weazel. And won abundantly—if money be your paſſion, you'll find plenty of it.

Penrud. What ſhou'd I do with money?

Weazel. Money indeed!—why money is—in ſhort, what is it not?

Penrud. Not health methinks, not life—for he that had it, died.

Weazel. But you that have it, live—and is there nothing that can tempt you? Recollect—books—money

money will buy books; nay more, it will buy thoſe who write them.

Penrud. It will ſo.

Weazel. 'Twill purchaſe panegyrics, odes, and dedications—

Penrud. I can't gainſay it.

Weazel. Houſe, table, equipage, attendants—

Penrud. I have all thoſe: what elſe?

Weazel. Ah, Sir, you ſurely can't forget there are ſuch things in this world as beauty, love, irreſiſtible woman—[*Dame* DUNCKLEY *croſſes the ſtage.*

Penrud. I keep a woman; ſhe viſits me every day, makes my bed, ſweeps my houſe, cooks my dinner, and is ſeventy years of age—yet I reſiſt her.

Weazel. I cou'd ſay ſomething to that, but I am afraid it will offend you.

Penrud. Say on boldly; never fear me.

Weazel. Why truly, Sir, I find you of a very different temper from what I expected: I ſhould doubt if your philoſophy has made you inſenſible; I am ſure it has not made you proud.

Penrud. I am as proud in my nature as any man ought to be, but ſurely as humble as any man can be.

Weazel. Suffer me then to aſk you if there is not a certain lady living, Arabella Woodville by name, whom you once thought irreſiſtible, and who even now perhaps might put your philoſophy to a harder trial than the old dame of ſeventy, who does the drudgery of your cottage?

Penrud. Who told you this? how came you thus to ſtrike upon a name, that twenty years of ſolitude have not effac'd?

Weazel. Becauſe I wou'd prepare you for a taſk, that with the fortune you inherit muſt devolve upon you. The intereſts of this lady, perhaps even her exiſtence, are now in your hands. When I ſhall deliver

deliver the deeds bequeath'd to you by your couſin, I ſhall arm you with the means of extinguiſhing the wretched Woodville at a blow.

Penrud. What is it you tell me? Have a care how you reverſe my nature with a word. Woodville in my power! Woodville at my mercy! If there's a man on earth, that can inſpire me with revenge, it is that treacherous, baſe, deceitful rival. I was in his power, for I lov'd him—he betray'd me; I was at his mercy, for I truſted him—he deſtroy'd me.

Weazel. Now then you'll own that money can give ſomething, for it gives revenge.

Penrud. Come on; my mind is made up to this fortune; to the extremeſt atom I'll exact it all: the miſer's paſſion ſeizes on my heart, and money, which I held as dirt, is now my deity.

[*Exeunt, enter the Cottage.*

SCENE *changes to another part of the Foreſt.*

WOODVILLE, *followed by his* Servant.

Wood. Go, go, begone!—Why do you follow me?

Serv. I pray you, Sir, don't diſmiſs the chaiſe in this wild place; let it convey you to the next town, and then purſue your journey as you pleaſe.

Wood. Don't talk to me, don't trouble me; my journey's at an end.

Serv. You have been up all night: your mind and body both require ſome reſt.

Wood. What if they do! can you adminiſter to agonies like mine? How dare you thus intrude? by what authority have you, my ſervant, made yourſelf a ſpy upon my actions?

Serv. By no authority, but that of my affection and good-will: you have been kind to me in your proſperity, ought I to deſert you in adverſity? Indeed, indeed, Sir, I can't leave you here alone.

Wood.

Wood. Fooliſh, officious fellow, I perceive you think I have loſt my ſenſes; no, I poſſeſs them clearly: I know both where I am and what I have to do—had I deſigns againſt myſelf, you could not hinder them; but I have none; 'tis not my own life but your's that is in danger, unleſs you inſtantly depart. Look! here is your diſmiſſion—I am reſolute to be obey'd. *(draws a piſtol.)*

Serv. Take my life; fire when you pleaſe: I'm not afraid of dying.

SYDENHAM *enters.*

Syden. Woodville, what ails you? are you mad? do you fight duels with your own ſervant?

Wood. Duels!—

Syden. You're right: I ſee he is not armed. What the devil and all his doings poſſeſſes you to point your piſtol at a naked man? If you conſider him as your equal, give him the fellow to it; if you would puniſh him as your ſervant, turn him away.

Wood. But he will not be turn'd away.

Serv. Not whilſt it was my duty to ſtay by you; now Mr. Sydenham is come, I will intrude no longer. [*Exit.*

Syden. Harry Woodville, are you in your ſenſes to act in this manner?

Wood. Are you not out of yours, to come thus far to aſk me ſuch a queſtion?

Syden. Perhaps I am, but there's no reaſoning about friendſhip; when I ſee a fellow, whom I love, throw away his happineſs, game away his fortune, and then run from the ruin he has made, I have a fooliſh nature about me, that in ſpite of all his phrenzy will run after him; and tho' he may break looſe from all the world beſide, damn me if he ſhall ſhake off me, tho' he had twenty piſtols in his reach, and I not one in mine.

Wood.

Wood. Your friendſhip, Mr. Sydenham, is not wanted at this moment, and give me leave to ſay it is unwelcome.

Syden. Very likely; I care little about the welcome that you give me, as I am not quite ſure you are the man I was in ſearch of: my friend was a gentleman, tho' an unwiſe one; he would hear reaſon, though he was unapt to follow it; above all things he was not that frantic deſperado, as to turn his piſtol either againſt his ſervant or himſelf.

Wood. Well, Sir, my piſtol is put up—now what have you to ſay to me?

Syden. I don't know if I ſhall ſay any thing to you; certainly nothing to ſooth you. It is not becauſe a man has piſtols in his pocket, that he is formidable, or that I ſhould flatter him: every fellow, that has not ſpirit to face misfortune, may be his own aſſaſſin; every wretch, who has loſt all feelings of humanity, may commit a murder on his fellow-creature.

Wood. You are very bitter: what would you have me do?

Syden. Return to your afflicted wife.

Wood. That I can never do; my home is horrible, nor am I in poſſeſſion of a home; Penruddock's myrmidons are in my houſe; beſides, there's worſe than that, my ſon is come to England, Henry will be upon me, and to meet his gallant injur'd preſence would be worſe than death.

Syden. I wiſh you had reflected on that horror, whilſt there was time to have prevented it.—If fathers, whilſt their ſons are bleeding in their country's battles, will hurl the fatal dice and ſtake their fortunes on the caſt, alas for their poſterity!

Wood. Why urge that dreadful truth? You have no ſon, you are no gameſter.

Syden. No matter, tho' I never gam'd myſelf, my

my friends did, and I have loſt them: who has more cauſe to curſe his luck than I have?

Wood. Have you now vented all your ſpleen, and will you leave me?

Syden. I am not ſure: tell me what plan you are upon; why are you rambling on this heath?

Wood. I'll tell you that at once—Sir George Renruddock, my chief creditor, is dead; he has bequeath'd his fortune to his couſin Roderick of that name. This man inhabits a ſmall tenement here cloſe at hand; a ſtrange ſequeſter'd creature, burying himſelf amongſt his books, diſguſted with the world, and probably a perfect miſanthrope—

Syden. I've heard of him; go on!

Wood. This Roderick and I were ſchool-fellows, ſtudied together at the univerſity, travell'd together thro' moſt parts of Europe; and were inſeparable friends, till by evil chance, we became rivals in love: I obtained Mrs. Woodville's hand and married her; he was excluded, and renounced ſociety: This man, the bittereſt enemy I have, is now the maſter of my fate.

Syden. Then I conclude thoſe piſtols are for him.

Wood. I do not quite ſay that; he ſhall have a fair alternative.

Syden. I much doubt if any thing can be fair, when one party has juſt gained a fortune, and the other loſt one: however, if you mean it ſhou'd be fair, take me with you; whether you ſhake hands or exchange ſhots, I will ſee juſtice done on both ſides; for I will be bold to aver, there never yet was an affair, in which I had the honor to be either principal or ſecond, where equity was not as ſtrictly adminiſter'd, as if my Lord Chancellor had decreed it from the bench.

Wood. Be it ſo then, if ſo it muſt be: Come with me to this newly-enrich'd cottager, and if I

fail

fail in this laſt effort, I exact from you an honorable ſecrecy and an immediate receſſion. [*Exeunt.*

(Scene returns to the Cottage.)

PENRUDDOCK *alone.*

This property's immenſe. Woodville's proud houſe is mine; now that falſe friend is puniſh'd; all thoſe ſcenes of gay proſperity, with which he caught the vain weak heart of Arabella, are ſuddenly reverſed, and juſt retaliation, not leſs terrible becauſe ſo tardy, ſurprizes him at laſt. Farewell, my cottage! ſcene of my paſt content, I thank thee: poſſeſſing nought but thee, I have not envied palaces; poſſeſt of them, I have forſaken thee; ſuch is man's fickle nature, in ſolitude a philoſopher, wiſe in adverſity, and only patient under injuries till opportunity occurs to him of revenging them.

(WOODVILLE *and* SYDENHAM.)

Wood. That's he; the very man.—Sir, let me hope I have happily encounter'd you; I believe I am addreſſing myſelf to Mr. Penruddock.

Penrud. I am Penruddock.

Wood. Perhaps you have loſt the recollection of my perſon.

Penrud. I wiſh I had—You have left ſome traces of it in my memory, Mr. Woodville; and nothing is more oppoſite to my deſires than to revive them.

Wood. That this would be my greeting I expected: for tho' I ever knew you to be juſt, yet, in our earlieſt years, I thought I cou'd diſcover dawnings of a relentleſs nature. If twenty years of calm reflection have paſſed away without aſſuaging your determin'd animoſity, an opportunity is now before you of hatching that revenge which you have brooded on ſo long.

Penrud.

Penrud. Purſue your own reflections, Sir; and interrupt not mine. *(Going.)*

Syden. Stop, if you pleaſe—I am no party in this conference, but as a common friend to every thing that wears the face of man: I can perceive you have been wrong'd, in time long paſt, by this gentleman; ſo have I, recently and deeply wrong'd, inaſmuch as he has abus'd my friendſhip, by ruining himſelf in defiance of my better counſel—What then? he is ſorry for it, and I forgive him; he is in miſery, and I pity him.

Penrud. Well, Sir, at your remonſtrance I will ſtay; only be pleas'd to let me know for whoſe ſake I ſubmit myſelf to Mr. Woodville's converſation?

Syden. I am a very idle fellow, Sir; Sydenham my name; one that has thrown away much good will upon his friends, without once practiſing your happy art of being unmov'd by their misfortunes.

Penrud. Humph!—Mr. Woodville will proceed.

Wood. If you, Mr. Penruddock, can find no motive to forgive the wrongs I did you in the matter of my marriage, I ſhall ſuggeſt none, neither will I offer at one word in mitigation of thoſe wrongs; they were as great as you believe them; greater, perhaps, than you are perfectly apprized of. In the firſt glow of your reſentment you demanded ſatisfaction; in juſtice, I muſt own that your appeal was warranted, but I was then a happy man, with beauty in my arms, and fortune at my feet, and I evaded it. Now if your heat is not cool'd, and you ſtill thirſt for revenge, lo! I am ready; I have arms for both, fit to decide our quarrel, and an honorable friend competent to adjuſt it. [*Produces piſtols.*

Syden. Fairly propos'd—if ſuch is your pleaſure, gentlemen both, I am perfectly at your diſpoſal.

Penrud.

Penrud. Give me the piſtol: place your man where you like; this is my ground.

Syden. Stop, Sir, the forms of honour are not yet compleat.—Mr. Woodville, if I rightly underſtood you, you have an alternative to propoſe: if that be ſo, ſtate it.

Penrud. I have little diſpoſition to bear any trifling.

Wood. Nor I to trifle; therefore no more of it! A woman's mediation can be of no avail: however, Mr. Sydenham, if I fall, give this to the ſurvivor. [*Preſents a pacquet.*

Syden. Hah! Mrs. Woodville's hand!—this muſt not be rejected: an angel's mediation claims reſpect, and he muſt read it, or make his paſſage through my body ere he ſhall approach you.—Woodville, diſarm yourſelf——*(takes his piſtol.)* —Mr. Penruddock, this pacquet is addreſſed to you; take it; but firſt, if you pleaſe, give me your weapon, as he has done.—Now I maintain an armed neutrality. [*Takes both piſtols.*

PENRUDDOCK *withdraws aſide, opens the pacquet, peruſes it awhile, and then retires into his cottage: whilſt this is paſſing,* SYDENHAM *ſpeaks as follows:*

Syden. It ſtaggers him—he pauſes; yet I perceive no change—he flies however, and we keep the field.—Do you know the purport of that paper?

Wood. I know nothing of its purport but by conjecture: 'twas written by Arabella ſince ſhe heard of his acceſſion to the fortune of Sir George, and probably contains a ſtrong appeal to his feelings, founded upon paſt connections; I have reaſon to believe it chiefly points at my ſon, who has ſo long been a priſoner in France, and now at laſt has got his liberty upon exchange; but I dare ſay this churl is ſteeled againſt humanity.

Syden. I know not what to think of him; that man's ſoul has no flow; impenetrable froſt locks up its current: therefore be prepared.—And now, Harry, if you have any thing upon your mind to encharge me with, avail yourſelf of the moment, and impart it to me; the iſſue of theſe rencontres is uncertain.

Wood. Alas! I have been ſo improvident a huſband, that I dare hardly ſend my laſt farewell to my much-injur'd wife; ſo unjuſt a father, that I have ſcarce preſumption to bequeath a bleſſing to my ſon. In temporal affairs I am ſo totally undone, and life is now ſo perfectly a blank, that he who takes it from me, takes what I am tired of; and I ſolemnly conjure my family never to ſtir the queſtion of my death, nor proſecute the author of it.

WEAZEL *ſpeaks from the Cottage.*

Weazel. Gentlemen, I am commanded by Mr. Penruddock to ſay that he is very particularly occupied, and declines any further explanation on the buſineſs of your viſit: you will hear from him again.

Wood. At his own choice and leiſure; ſo inform him.

Syden. Come, Woodville, we have thrown that cynic cur a bone, ſo let him gnaw it.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE.—*A Chamber in* TEMPEST's *Houſe.*

Table & Chairs

TEMPEST *and* EMILY.

TEMPEST.

GO your ways, vaniſh out of my ſight, for a graceleſs young huſſey.—You know I love you, Emily, you know I do, dear as the eyes in my head, better than the heart in my body, and therefore you baffle and bamboozle and make a bumpkin of me; that's what you do: you ſee I am a damn'd fond forgiving old fool, and you impoſe upon my good-nature.

Emily. No very hard taſk, I ſhou'd hope. Only call upon you now and then for a few grains of charitable patience.

Temp. Grains of charitable nonſenſe, grains of hypocritical impertinence: what buſineſs have you to make any calls upon me that you know I can't anſwer? I have no ſuch thing as patience about me, no ſuch dull mechanical property belonging to me; never had, never will have, never wiſh to have.

Emily. Well, Sir, let it paſs then; but you muſt own it's a little unreaſonable to expect that I ſhou'd abound in that article, of which you my father do not poſſeſs a ſingle atom?

Temp. Not at all unreaſonable, for your mother was a miracle of patience; I am ſure I put it very ſufficiently to the trial: why I took her with no other view but as we take a diet-drink in the

ſpring, to ſweeten the juices. Tempeſt, the ſon of Lord Hurricane, was never born to be calm; 'ſblood and fire! I have never been in ſmooth water ſince firſt I was launch'd upon the ſurface of the globe. I was a younger ſon, and kicked into the world without a ſixpence; my father gave me no education, taught me nothing, kept me in ignorance, and buffeted me every day for being a dunce.

Emily. That was hard indeed, to give ſo little and demand ſo much—but ſome fathers are quite out of the way of reaſon.

Temp. That's a wipe at me, I ſuppoſe, but no matter—Firſt I was turn'd into the army, there I got broken bones and empty pockets; then I was baniſhed to the coaſt of Africa, to govern the ſavages of Senegambia; there I made a few blunders in color, by taking whites for blacks and blacks for whites; but before my enemies could get hold of me, Death laid hands upon them, and I triumphed over their malice by the mortality of the climate.

Emily. Upon my word, Sir, you have been toſs'd and tumbled about in this rough world pretty handſomely.

Temp. Yes, ſo handſomely, that I will take care you ſhan't be toſs'd and tumbled about, till you have a good pilot on board, and a ſafe harbour under your lee, to lay up in for life.

Emily. That's as much as to ſay I ſhall embark with Sir David Daw, and lay up in his fuſty old caſtle on the banks of the Wye, in Monmouthſhire, to wit. A precious pilot I ſhall have, and a famous voyage we ſhall make of it!—Helm a-weather! cries he, and bear away for the coaſt of Wales—Helm a-lee! ſay I, and ſet all ſails for the port of London. He is for ſteering Weſt, I am for ſteering Eaſt; ſo between us we run wild out of the track, and make a wreck of ſhip and cargo in the ſcuffle for command.

Temp.

Temp. You talk nonſenſe, Emily, you gabble without wit or wiſdom. Sir David Daw is a very reſpectable gentleman in his own country.

Emily. Then he is a very ſilly gentleman for coming out of it.

Temp. He has a noble property, a capital eſtate.

Emily. Thanks to his anceſtors!—he'll never mend it by diſcovery of the longitude.

Temp. Emily, Emily, do you think I have no eyes? what do you take me for—a mole, a bat, a beetle, not to ſee where your perverſe affections point? You are never out of Mrs. Woodville's houſe.

Emily. Can that be a wonder, when perſecution drives me out of your doors, and pity draws me into her's? Here I am baited by the ſillieſt animal Folly ever lent her name to, there I am recreated by the gentleſt being Heaven ever formed.

Temp. Come, come, whilſt you are talking thus of the mother, I know to a certainty it is the ſon you are thinking of; and poſitively, Emily, you muſt baniſh Henry Woodville from your thoughts.

Emily. Then I muſt loſe the faculty of thinking.

Temp. Don't tell me of your faculties, mine will never conſent to marry you to a ruin'd man.—Sir David is no gameſter—

Emily. Perhaps not.

Temp. Nor the ſon of a gameſter.

Emily. No, nor the ſon of any thing, I ſhou'd think, that Nature ever own'd; for he is ſo far from being in the likeneſs of a man, that it wou'd be libelling a monkey to miſtake them for each other.

Temp. Hold your tongue.—I never ſaid Sir David was a wit.

Emily. No, o' my conſcience, a tailor might as well look for cuſtom in the court of Pelew, as you

for wit in the empty pericranium of my Monmouthſhire lover.

Temp. And if he had wit, what wou'd you do with it? Who wou'd put a naked ſword in the hands of a child? I like him the better for his being without it; I have none myſelf; I had ſooner meſs with the ſavages in Africa than be ſhut into a room with a company of wits. Your downright ſtupid fellow is the repoſe of all ſociety; like a ſoft cuſhion in an eaſy chair, he lulls you into gentle ſlumbers, and lays all your cares to reſt.

Servant announces Sir DAVID DAW.

Servant. Sir David Daw—

Temp. Now, now, Emily, behave as you ſhou'd do, or by the living——Welcome, Sir David! welcome, my good knight of Monmouth!

Sir D. D. Worthy Governor, I am your devoted ſervant—Sweet paragon of beauty, I am your humble ſlave.

Temp. Heyday, my friend, where have you cull'd theſe flowers of rhetoric?

Sir D. D. Pick'd a ſmall poſey from Parnaſſus, to lay it at the feet of the loveliеſt of the Muſes.

Emily. Upon my word, Sir David, your periods are the very embrios of poetry; a kind of tadpoles, more than half frogs, and juſt ready to hop.

Sir D. D. So they can but hop into your good graces, I care not.

Temp. Right, my gallant heart, that's the way to treat her—Emily is for ever giggling.

Sir D. D. She is not ſingular in that: go where I will, they giggle; that is rather daunting, you muſt think. Amongſt our Monmouthſhire laſſes who but I? Not that I am conſcious of more wit than my neighbours, but my jokes always tell; they do ſo titter when I am in my merry vein, and the ſervants grin, and the tenants roar, and then my poor

poor dear mother taps me on the cheek, and calls me her dainty David.—Oh! we are ſo merry in the caſtle.

Emily. Aye, to be ſure; there's room enough for your wit to eſcape without running foul of any body's underſtanding.

Sir D. D. Yes, yes, 'tis a bouncer, and ſuch a hall for battledore and ſhuttle-cock—

Emily. Garniſh'd round with pikes, and gauntlets, and branching horns, the trophies of the family—

Sir D. D. Yes, and in the great parlour ſuch a ſtring of Daws hanging by the wall—

Emily. In ruffs and bands, and picked chins from all antiquity, like the whole court of France in a puppet-ſhew, with dainty David in the character of Punchinello to cloſe the cavalcade.

Sir D. D. Not ſo; but in the place of it your own fair portrait, if you pleaſe, and under it, in letters of gold, "Emily, conſort of Sir David Daw."—Lilies and roſes! what a lovely piece will that be!

Emily. Let it be a family piece then, and we may all have a part in it.

Temp. Aye, aye, that's a hook to haul me in with; I know it is: but let us hear, let us hear what part you have laid out for me.

Emily. An heroic one, be ſure; you ſhall be—let me conſider—you ſhall be drawn in the character of Agamemnon.

Temp. Agamemnon! Why in the character of Agamemnon, I wou'd fain know.

Emily. Becauſe he was a warrior like you, and a governor: but principally becauſe, if I remember his hiſtory—he ſacrificed his daughter.

Temp. Heh! how! there I'm thrown out: that is a hiſtory I know nothing of.

Sir D. D. Nor I neither.—Ah! my good Go-

vernor, ſpeak a kind word for me; all my hopes are in you.

Temp. Fear nothing, my man of mettle; keep a ſtout heart, and there's none of 'em can reſiſt the allurements of your fortune, though they may all be inſenſible to the beauties of your perſon.

Emily. No, to be ſure; if you make love like an elephant, with your caſtle on your back, who can ſtand againſt you?

Sir D. D. I don't know how it is, Governor Tempeſt, but tho' 'tis well known that the firſt man Nature ever made was a Welſhman, and tho' I flatter myſelf I am pretty nearly on the ſame model, yet here every ragged-headed fellow, with a mahogany face, becauſe he can ſlip into an eel-ſkin, and I cannot, ſlips into favour before me; whilſt the ladies ſtare at me, as if I had dropt out of the moon amongſt them.

Temp. That is becauſe they lay aſide the ſight they were born with, and have eyes, like their complexions, of their own making.

Emily. Ah! Sir David, you are not up to them; you are the happieſt with the good old lady in the country; your education has been private.

Sir D. D. Quite ſnug and private; always at home, always with my mother.

Emily. And your amuſements—

Sir D. D. Never went abroad for them; we had plenty of paſtime amongſt ourſelves and the ſervants—cards I never touch; drinking I have no head for: and as for naughty women, I can faithfully aſſure you, I never come near none of 'em.

Temp. Keep that to yourſelf, my friend, if you are wiſe; for this world is ſo wicked, that a man is forced to counterfeit vices in order to keep well with it.—Ah! Charles, how wears this wicked world with you?

SYDENHAM

SYDENHAM *enters.*

Syden. Wears apace, frets itſelf out, grates moſt confoundedly upon the hinges: I almoſt think I ſhall live to ſee the end of it.—Don't go away, I want to have a word with you. *(Aſide to Emily.)*

Sir D. D. Oh! Mr. Sydenham, I rejoice to ſee you.

Syden. How fares my venerable Cambro-Briton?

Sir D. D. Terrible ill, for want of you; houſe, equipage, every thing is at a dead ſtop, till you ſet us going.—I call'd at your lodgings, and they told me you was out of town.

Syden. They did right; I educate my ſervants in all innocent untruths.

Temp. They gave me the ſame anſwer.

Syden. They did wrong: to tell one and the ſame lye to two ſeveral viſitors, betrays a poverty of invention.

Emily. And hav'nt you been out of town all this while?

Syden. Huſh! huſh! aſk no queſtions.—How can I quit the town with an affair of honour on my hands: did'nt you challenge me to a game at cheſs? and here I am ready to decide it.

Temp. Oh! that dull, dilatory, dreaming game, how I deteſt it!—Any news, Charles, of the poor Woodvilles?

Syden. That is the very queſtion I was about to aſk of you.

Temp. 'Sblood, you are as myſterious as a privy counſellor: they ſay Woodville is gone off; nay, they circulate a very black and diſmal ſtory about him.

Syden. As you have been governor of the blacks, I wiſh you would put the ſooty ſlaves to death that circulate ſuch ſtories.

Sir

Sir D. D. I hear Sir George Penruddock has made a curious will, and given his whole property to a madman, who has been ſhut up in a cottage for theſe twenty years.

Syden. And do you ſuppoſe it would have brought him to his ſenſes if he had liv'd in a caſtle?

Temp. Come, come, Sir David; don't you ſee that cuckow won't be caught by you? Zooks, man, the thumb-ſcrew would not make him plead; tho', let me tell you, when I've been ſet upon it, I have put tongues as ſtubborn as his into motion before now. As for Emily, leave her to her drowſy game at cheſs; for, depend upon it, my friend, that any thing which tends to ſtupify her imagination will be a point gained in your favor.

[*Exeunt* TEMPEST *and Sir* DAVID.

SYDENHAM *and* EMILY.

Syden. His Excellency is in one of his accommodating humors, and gives me an opportunity of telling you that I have brought Woodville back with me; I knew his point, and overtook him after about twelve miles riding, in the very criſis of his fate.

Emily. Did you ſo? then here's my hand! for thou art the beſt ſoul living; with a heart of gold, and heels of feather, in the ſervice of humanity. Ah! why did cruel Fortune cramp thy powers, when Nature ſo enriched thee with benevolence?

Syden. Don't complain of Fortune in my caſe; perhaps the beſt fortune that can befal me is, that I have nothing to do with her: having little to beſtow, I make up for it with good-will; had I abundance to give, the good-will might be wanting.

Emily. If Fortune, however, wou'd but put you to the trial, I ſhou'd not tremble for the iſſue of it.

Had

Had Penruddock made you his heir, happy wou'd it have been for poor Woodville.

Syden. For him (to own the truth to you) I have very little compaſſion; ſome old habits of good fellowſhip perhaps I can't quite ſhake off; but a gameſter is in nature ſuch a fool, in character ſo little of a gentleman, and by profeſſion ſo very cloſe approaching towards a highwayman, that I am aſham'd of his acquaintance; yet, for my dear Mrs. Woodville's ſake, for my brave Henry's ſake, and through them, by implication, for my ſweet Emily's, I have ſhelter'd that poor worthleſs deſperado in my lodgings; which is a ſecret you muſt keep cloſe and inviolable as your own purity.

Emily. Doubt me not, for I can well ſuppoſe the conſequences would be fatal. In one word, is there any hope for him?

Syden. I could not anſwer that in a thouſand words; for I have ſeen this ſtrange Penruddock, and know not what to make of him.

Emily. Is he a madman, as they report of him?

Syden. That I can't tell; for ſo many people are mad, who yet have ſenſes enough to conceal it, that he may be ſo without my diſcovering it. He is as ſullen as a bear, and inveterate againſt Woodville to the length of any ſpecies of revenge.

Emily. This is not the character Mrs. Woodville deſcribes; ſhe conceives better of him.

Syden. I wiſh ſhe may not be miſtaken; we muſt leave the event to time:—And now, my dear Lady, when are we to mount the wedding favors?

Emily. So you will ſuppoſe I am caſt for tranſportation to the enchanted caſtle?

Syden. Enchanted it will be when you are in it; but how can I ſuppoſe, or even wiſh, any otherwiſe, when ruin is attach'd to the alternative?

Emily.

Emily. You ſtrike upon a motive that may drive me upon wondrous ſelf-denials. If my beloved Mrs. Woodville falls, if my dear gallant Henry is beaten down and cruſh'd by poverty and diſtreſs, at any ſacrifice I'll raiſe them up.

Syden. Will you? then by the powers of goodneſs you are an angel!

Emily. But in that wreck of happineſs I ſhall need all the help that friendſhip can beſtow; and you, Charles Sydenham, whom I place ever in the front of thoſe few firm hearts I moſt prize and moſt depend on, muſt not deſert me.

Syden. Deſert you! Damn it, my throat aches ſo, and my eyes dazzle, that I can neither rightly ſpeak to you nor ſee you—but, by the Lord, I'll die for you.

Emily. Not ſo; but you muſt come to me in the country: there you and I will tell old ſtories over a winter's fire, and be as comfortable as two feeling hearts will let us.

Syden. I'll come; I'll come to you—walk, ride, fiſh, fowl, milk the cows, feed the poultry, nurſe the children, laugh, cry, do any thing and every thing you wou'd have me—I will, upon my ſoul I will!

Emily. Enough ſaid; upon this promiſe we will part; I ſhall be call'd for by my father, and you know his humor.

Syden. I know him well for a moſt abſolute and all-to-be-reſpected governor; but if he had as numerous an offſpring as Muley Iſhmael, and as large an empire as Timur Khan, the proudeſt title he cou'd boaſt wou'd be that of being father to ſuch an angel of a daughter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *a Street.*

PENRUDDOCK *alone.*

So! I am in London once more.—From ſolitude and ſilence how ſudden is the tranſition to crowded ſtreets, where all without is noiſe, and all within me anarchy and tumult! Thoughts uncollected, jarring reſolutions, avarice, revenge, ambition, all the turbid paſſions arming, like ſoldiers rous'd from ſleep, to ruſh into the battle. Pity I have none; my heart is chang'd: I ſtopt in a bye-place to reconſider Mrs. Woodville's interceding letter; a naked, ſhivering wretch approach'd and begg'd my charity; ſhe was importunate, and I with a remorſeleſs frown bade her begone.—"Alas!" ſhe cried, "if I had look'd you in the face I might "have ſeen there was no hope for me." I have the mark of Cain, the ſtamp of cruelty imprinted on my forehead.—She cut me to the heart; I wou'd have call'd her back and aton'd, but ſullenneſs or pride forbade it. How rich was I in my contented poverty! how poor has Fortune made me by theſe ſoul-tormenting riches!—

WEAZEL *enters.*

Well, Sir, is Mrs. Woodville in her houſe?

Weazel. She is not there, nor any body that can tell me where ſhe is: the ſervants are diſpers'd, the chamber-doors all lock'd and ſeal'd, ſave one, in which a ſolitary guard keeps watch, holding poſſeſſion in due form of law: I have ſeen it in its ſplendor; it is now revers'd, a melancholy change.

Penrud. I'll viſit it nevertheleſs; it will be a wholeſome preparative to the ſcene of luxury which you tell me I am to be ſaluted with in the ſtately manſion of Sir George Penruddock. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE.

SCENE *changes to an unfurniſh'd Room.*

PENRUDDOCK, WEAZEL, *and an* Attendant.

Penrud. You are here, Sir, I preſume, in office by authority from the late Sir George Penruddock?

Attend. I am, Sir; and tho' it is againſt our rules to admit any ſtranger, yet as I know Mr. Weazel, and he warrants for you, I make no objection to your coming in.

Penrud. Nor to leaving us, I ſhou'd ſuppoſe, within theſe bare walls; they defy robbery: the ſcythe of the law cuts cloſe, and thoſe, who follow it, will not be enrich'd by their gleanings.

Attend. A pleaſant gentleman, I ſhou'd gueſs, and knows a thing or two.—Mr. Weazel, with your leave, I will ſpeak a word with you.

[*Exit with* WEAZEL.

PENRUDDOCK.

Here, then, was the reſidence of my once-beloved Arabella; here ſhe reign'd, here ſhe revell'd, and here, perhaps, in a deſponding moment, ſhe wrote that melancholy appeal, which wrung the weapon from my hand, when rais'd againſt her huſband's life. I'll read it once again; the ſcene conſpires, a ſympathetic gloom comes over me; and ſolitude, the friend of meditation, prompts me to review it:—"By the death of Sir George Pen-
"ruddock you will find us your debtors in no leſs a
"ſum than all that we poſſeſs; if you are extreme,
"we are undone; my huſband, who expects no
"mercy, flies from me in deſpair, and in his fate
"mine is involv'd; if then you find an orphan in
"the world, whoſe parents cou'd not move your
"pity, you may think revenge has done enough,
"and take my Henry into your protection—"

HENRY

HENRY WOODVILLE *enters.*

Henry. Where am I? What has happen'd? Why is this houſe ſo chang'd in its appearance?

Penrud. Whom do you ſeek?

Henry. A father and a mother, who dwelt here: If you have heard the name of Woodville, and can caſe my anxious terrors, tell me they ſurvive.

Penrud. Be ſatisfied—They live.

Henry. Devoutly I return Heaven thanks, and bleſs you for the tidings; long abſent, and debarr'd all correſpondence with my family, I came with trembling heart, uncertain of their fate; and, I confeſs, the ominous appearance of a deſerted houſe ſtruck me with alarm: but I may hope they have ſome other reſidence at hand—If you know where, direct me.

Penrud. If I knew where, I wou'd; but—

Henry. But what? Why do you pauſe?

Penrud. Becauſe I can't proceed.

Henry. Why not proceed? You know they live, can you not tell me where?

Penrud. I cannot.

Henry. What is your buſineſs here?

Penrud. None.

Henry. Do you not live in London?

Penrud. No.

Henry. What is your name, occupation? where do you inhabit? How comes it to paſs you know ſo well to anſwer me one queſtion, and are dumb to all the reſt?

Penrud. I am not us'd to interrogatories, nor quite ſo patient as may ſuit with your impetuoſity.

Henry. I ſtand corrected; I am too quick.—You will excuſe the feelings of a ſon.

Penrud. Moſt willingly; only I'm ſorry to perceive they are ſo ſenſitive, becauſe this world abounds in miſery.

Henry

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PENRUDDOCK, WEAZEL, *and an* Attendant.

Penrud. You are here, Sir, I preſume, in office by authority from the late Sir George Penruddock?

Attend. I am, Sir; and tho' it is againſt our rules to admit any ſtranger, yet as I know Mr. Weazel, and he warrants for you, I make no objection to your coming in.

Penrud. Nor to leaving us, I ſhou'd ſuppoſe, within theſe bare walls; they defy robbery: the ſcythe of the law cuts cloſe, and thoſe, who follow it, will not be enrich'd by their gleanings.

Attend. A pleaſant gentleman, I ſhou'd gueſs, and knows a thing or two.—Mr. Weazel, with your leave, I will ſpeak a word with you.

[*Exit with* WEAZEL.

PENRUDDOCK.

Here, then, was the reſidence of my once-beloved Arabella; here ſhe reign'd, here ſhe revell'd, and here, perhaps, in a deſponding moment, ſhe wrote that melancholy appeal, which wrung the weapon from my hand, when rais'd againſt her huſband's life. I'll read it once again; the ſcene conſpires, a ſympathetic gloom comes over me; and ſolitude, the friend of meditation, prompts me to review it:—"By the death of Sir George Pen-
"ruddock you will find us your debtors in no leſs a
"ſum than all that we poſſeſs; if you are extreme,
"we are undone; my huſband, who expects no
"mercy, flies from me in deſpair, and in his fate
"mine is involv'd; if then you find an orphan in
"the world, whoſe parents cou'd not move your
"pity, you may think revenge has done enough,
"and take my Henry into your protection—"

HENRY

HENRY WOODVILLE *enters.*

Henry. Where am I? What has happen'd? Why is this houſe ſo chang'd in its appearance?

Penrud. Whom do you ſeek?

Henry. A father and a mother, who dwelt here: If you have heard the name of Woodville, and can caſe my anxious terrors, tell me they ſurvive.

Penrud. Be ſatisfied—They live.

Henry. Devoutly I return Heaven thanks, and bleſs you for the tidings; long abſent, and debarr'd all correſpondence with my family, I came with trembling heart, uncertain of their fate; and, I confeſs, the ominous appearance of a deſerted houſe ſtruck me with alarm: but I may hope they have ſome other reſidence at hand—If you know where, direct me.

Penrud. If I knew where, I wou'd; but—

Henry. But what? Why do you pauſe?

Penrud. Becauſe I can't proceed.

Henry. Why not proceed? You know they live, can you not tell me where?

Penrud. I cannot.

Henry. What is your buſineſs here?

Penrud. None.

Henry. Do you not live in London?

Penrud. No.

Henry. What is your name, occupation? where do you inhabit? How comes it to paſs you know ſo well to anſwer me one queſtion, and are dumb to all the reſt?

Penrud. I am not us'd to interrogatories, nor quite ſo patient as may ſuit with your impetuoſity.

Henry. I ſtand corrected; I am too quick.—You will excuſe the feelings of a ſon.

Penrud. Moſt willingly; only I'm ſorry to perceive they are ſo ſenſitive, becauſe this world abounds in miſery.

Henry

Henry. Now I am ſure you know more than you yet reveal; but having ſaid my parents are alive, you fortify me againſt leſſer evils: I know my father's failings, and can well ſuppoſe that his affairs have fallen into decay.

Penrud. To utter ruin. Gaming has undone him.

Henry. Oh! execrable vice, fiend of the human ſoul, that tears the hearts of parent, child, and friend! What crimes, what ſhame, what complicated miſery haſt thou brought upon us! Raſh, deſperate, wretched man! This houſe was ſwallow'd in the general wreck.

Penrud. With every thing elſe: Sir George Penruddock had it for a debt, as it is call'd, of honor.

Henry. A debt of infamy—and may the curſe entail'd upon ſuch debts deſcend on him and all that may inherit from him!

Penrud. There you out-run diſcretion: he is dead, and you wou'd not extend your curſe to him that now inherits.

Henry. Light where it will, I'll not revoke it. He that is Fortune's minion well deſerves it.

Penrud. But he that's innocent, does not.

Henry. Can he be innocent, who ſtains his hands with ore drench'd in the gameſter's blood, dug from the widow's and the orphan's hearts with tears, and cries, and agonies inutterable? 'Tis property accurſt: were it a mine as deep as to the centre, I wou'd not touch an atom to preſerve myſelf from ſtarving.

Penrud. You ſpeak too ſtrongly, Sir.

Henry. So you may think: I ſpeak as I feel.—Who is the wretched heir?

Penrud. Roderick Penruddock.

Henry. What! Roderick the recluſe?

Penrud. The ſame.

Henry. My father knew him well—a gloomy miſanthrope,

miſanthrope, ſhunning and ſhunn'd by all mankind. When ſuch a being, after long ſecluſion, loſt to all ſocial charities, and harden'd into ſavage inſenſibility, comes forth into the world arm'd with power and property, he iſſues like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour.

Penrud. Stop your invective! Know him before you damn him.

Henry. Hang him, dull rogue, I do not wiſh to know him; but if you do, and think him wrong'd by my diſcourſe, convince me of the wrong, and you ſhall find me ready to atone.

Penrud. I wou'd not have you take his character from me, and yet I think him to be ſomewhat better than your report of him; however you have put it fairly to the iſſue, and if your leiſure ſerves to meet me at his houſe, the late Sir George Penruddock's, within two hours from this, you may perhaps ſee cauſe to bluſh for the ſeverity of your invective: in the mean time I promiſe to make no report of what you have ſaid, and neither aggravate his mind againſt you, nor warn him of your coming.

Henry. If I can find my friends within the time you mention, I will not fail to meet you; but I ſhou'd know your name.

Penrud. You ſhall know every thing in proper time and place—till then farewel.

[*Exit Henry.*

Inſolent libeller! he has undone himſelf, and ſtabb'd the mercy in my boſom, whilſt in the very act of riſing to embrace him.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

A mean Apartment in the Lodging Houſe of Mrs. WOODVILLE.

HENRY, *uſher'd in by a Maid Servant.*

MAID SERVANT.

WALK in, Sir, pray walk in. Madam Woodville will be quickly at home.

Henry. Are you her ſervant?

Maid. I do the work of the houſe, and wait upon the lodgers.

Henry. Has ſhe none elſe belonging to her?

Maid. No, no, good lady, ſhe has none elſe but me. If you are Captain Woodville her ſon, I hope it will be in your power to comfort her.

Henry. Heaven grant it may!—I am the perſon; you may leave me.—[*Exit.*]—What a ſad change is this! My mother in this place—thus lodg'd, and thus attended! O Nature! let me not forget it was a father that did this, elſe—but that thought is horror——Hark, ſhe is coming——

EMILY TEMPEST *enters.*

May I believe my eyes? The lovely phantom of my viſions realiz'd.

Emily. The gallant priſoner, we bewail'd, ſet free! This is a joy moſt welcome. I was informed you call'd at our houſe for a direction hither; I can make all allowances for your impatience;

ſience; but ſurely, ſurely, Henry, you made none for mine, when all that you beſtow'd upon me was a cold enquiry at the door, if ſuch a being ſtill was in exiſtence.

Henry. Chide not, but pity me: the unfortunate are fearful of intruding.

Emily. Say, rather, they are unkind, and wrong their friends, when they ſuppoſe them ſhaken by every breath of fortune.

Henry. The word revolts from poverty.

Emily. Are theſe the ſentiments that you return with? For ſhame! a ſoldier to talk thus—Have you ſeen no misfortunes where you have been, or do you feel them only when they fall upon yourſelf? Your noble mother does not reaſon thus.

Henry. Her's are no common evils, I confeſs, but ſtill adverſity is a fair enemy, patience can check it, fortitude can conquer it, religion can convert it to a bleſſing. Even I, whom you reprove, bore it without a murmur, for honor was not loſt, hope was yet alive—your image, ever preſent to my mind, brighten'd captivity, and dreams of future happineſs chear'd my warm glowing fancy; but now—

Emily. What now? ſtop there, and let me only dwell upon thoſe objects that delight, altho' they may delude: joy at the beſt is fugitive; paint hope in brilliant hues, and it is joy: the picture fades indeed, and its warm tints fly off, but whilſt they fly, they charm, and memory feaſts upon them, even when they are vaniſh'd.

Henry. Oh! well applied, and genuine philoſophy. Anticipated ſorrow is like children's phyſic, ſipt ere it is ſwallowed. And now, my Emily, what means this miſchievous effuſion of ſo much light that my weak eyes can't bear it? Why all this blaze of beauty?

Emily. Huſh! don't be ſilly; it is no ſuch thing—a little glad to ſee you perhaps, a little animated by an unexpected pleaſure.

Henry. I left you, as I thought, perfect in every charm; but time I ſee ſtill brings freſh tributes to adorn and beautify perfection.—How many hearts have you this moment in your chains?

Emily. Nonſenſe! not one: the lover I moſt reckon'd upon has juſt thrown off his chains, and is at liberty.

Henry. Only to yield it up again with double devotion at your feet. Did you know him as I do, you wou'd know, that tho' impoſſibilities oppoſe his hope, reaſon can make no progreſs in the reform of his incurable paſſion.

Emily. Indeed! then what is to be done with ſuch a man? How wou'd you adviſe me to treat his caſe?

Henry. With pity, as for one who ſuffers without proſpect of a cure; with caution towards yourſelf, as holding it unfair to flatter where you cannot ſave.

Mrs. WOODVILLE *enters, and embraces* HENRY.

Mrs. W. Henry, my ſon, my hero! welcome to my arms.

Henry. Oh! my dear mother—ſuffering, injur'd excellence! [*Kneels.*

Mrs. W. Stand up! Let me ſurvey you—Why, you credit your campaigning; yet you have far'd hardly—well, 'tis a good practice for bad times: we have not wherewithal to feaſt you, my poor Henry. There is no gold grows on the ſoldier's laurels.

Henry. I have a ſword, Madam, and that will always furniſh me a meal.

Mrs. W. Go then, and let it earn for you both food

food and fame. A Britiſh matron ſends her warrior to the fight, and ſcorns to damp his ardor with a tear: I'll ſhare you with my country. Oh! my ſweet Emily, my generous friend, I know you can forgive me.

Emily. Not eaſily, if you devote a ſingle thought to ceremony: I am here a party upon ſufferance, not quite indifferent to the ſcene before me, but certainly no principal.

Mrs. W. You muſt be ever ſuch with me; you have ſhar'd my ſorrows, hard indeed if you might not partake my joys. Well, Henry, we muſt meet the time, and all its troubles, with what face we can: cowards and fools ſhrink at the blaſts of fortune, the ſolid temper of a noble mind ſets them at nought.

Henry. I'll not diſgrace your heroiſm with a murmur; when your inſtruction points the way to virtue, and the example of my father warns me againſt vice, how can I ſtray?

Mrs. W. Alas! your father—he is indeed—but we'll not ſpeak of him: ſtand firm yourſelf, and give me cauſe to love you: for errors of proſperity the world has candor more than enough; now you have nothing left but your good name, of that be jealous in the extreme; ſo ſhall I be juſtified for having thought you worthy of that hand, which cruel fortune now irrevocably has ſnatch'd from you.

Emily. Madam! Mrs. Woodville!—I'll take my leave; your buſineſs grows too intereſting.—I'll not intrude upon your ſecrets.

[*Is withdrawing, but ſtopt by* HENRY.

Henry. Tear not my heart away, but ſtop, for mercy's ſake.

Emily. No, let us part. Your mother ſpeaks

the truth; but I was then ſo happy, I loſt ſight of it. [*Falls into a chair.*

Henry. There, Madam, there! ſee what you've done. Truth, that will let no happy ſelf-deception paſs, is virtue that diſdains the graces of humanity.

Mrs. W. My Emily, my life, my comforter, forgive me! Amidſt a throng of ſorrows, ſome unguarded words will evermore eſcape us; we vent them as we do our ſighs, and know not what we ſay.

Emily. Pray don't apologize; I am quite aſham'd of it: 'tis nothing, I am often thus; you've ſeen me ſo a hundred times—Only poor Henry made up ſuch a face—his eyes ſet me a crying—and now, good Heaven, how I cou'd laugh!—Oh! that is horrid—ſtop that if you can.

Mrs. W. My dear, my dear! come with me to my chamber.

Henry. Reſt, reſt on me, thou faſcinating charmer!

Emily. Look, look at him!—I wonder what he thinks of me—a fool, a fool, a fooliſh feeble creature. [*Exeunt.*

A Saloon in the Houſe of Sir GEORGE PENRUDDOCK.

A Number of Upper Servants in Mourning—WEAZEL *enters, and addreſſes them with much Ceremony.*

Weazel. Gentlemen of the ſecond table! Chiefs of the lower regions! I am your very humble ſervant. I condole with you on our general loſs: your late worthy maſter has paid the debt of nature; poor Sir George is no more; but you are ſerious reflecting men, that weigh theſe natural events,

events, and know that Death (as the great poet ſings) *will come when he will come.*

Jenkins. True, Sir, and all our wonder is he did not come before, ſeeing what pains Sir George took to quicken him.

Weazel. Aptly remark'd, moſt worthy Sir; and I am greatly edified to ſee that you have put yourſelves in mourning; 'tis ſomewhat premature, perhaps, ſeeing the deceaſed is not yet interred, but it is a tribute of gratitude to your old maſter, and an earneſt of reſpect to your new one.

2d Serv. Of the paſt we have nothing to complain; of the preſent we are a little doubtful.

Weazel. You ſpeak like ſage experienc'd men, well vers'd in all the dues and perquiſites of ſervice. I have my doubts like you; Penruddock, I ſhou'd fear, may be too much of a philoſopher for your purpoſes, and you perhaps not quite enough for his.

Jenkins. We can't live without our comforts, Mr. Weazel.

Weazel. And fit it is that you ſhou'd have them. —You, Mr. Jenkins, I well know, are a man of taſte, and have your little gentlemanly recreations— a ſtable at Epſom, with a bit of blood, that gives you the freſh air upon the Downs; another bit of blood in the commodious purlieus of Marybone, which ſooths your ſofter hours: I doubt if this philoſopher's wages would buy body-cloths for either.—In ſhort, my good friends, I much ſuſpect the golden age with all of us is paſt, the iron coming on.

3d Serv. Well, Sir, we ſhall ſee: report ſpeaks ſtrangely of the gentleman to be ſure. When may we look for his arrival?

Weazel. Momentarily.—I perceive you have a

whole battalion of livery ſervants drawn up in the outer hall.

Jenkins. We thought it for the credit of the eſtabliſhment to have them all in attendance and full livery.—Does the gentleman bring any of his own domeſtics with him?

Weazel. Not many.

Jenkins. Let him come as ſtrong as he will, we have provided; he will find a very handſome dinner, and a well-furniſhed ſideboard.

Weazel. 'Twill be a novelty at leaſt.

Jenkins. We have ſome very pretty wenches in the houſe; Sir George was very particular in that way.

Weazel. And you, Mr. Jenkins, are no mean authority; but Mr. Roderick's taſte ſeems to be moſtly towards old women of ſeventy.

4th Serv. Pray, Sir, with what equipage does he travel hither?

Weazel. With one of Nature's providing.—Heyday! what's a-coming now?

A Party of Livery Servants ruſh in.

Livery Serv. No offence to you, Mr. Weazel, but we wou'd fain know what lay we are to be upon; and whether the ſtrange gentleman will be agreeable to allow us for bags, canes, and noſegays.

Weazel. Bags you muſt wear, the graces of your perſons claim them; canes you ſhall have, your merits well beſpeak them; and as for noſegays, gentlemen, it is ſo modeſt a requeſt, that even the hangman furniſhes them to his clients.—But hark, your maſter is arrived.

Jenkins. Stand by; make way!

PENRUD-

PENRUDDOCK *enters thro' a Lane of Servants.*

Penrud. Are all theſe perſons of Sir George's houſehold?

Weazel. All of his town eſtabliſhment.

Penrud. So many for the uſe of one? they've females in proportion, I ſhou'd hope, elſe 'tis a moſt impolitic eſtabliſhment.

Weazel. There are plenty of female ſervants in the houſe, but it is not uſual for that ſex to ſhew themſelves in the hall.

Penrud. If there is ever an old woman amongſt them, ſend her to wait upon me.

Weazel. I told you how it would be. [*Aſide.*

Jenkins. Pleaſe your honor, there is no ſuch thing in the family.

Penrud. Shew me into your library then.

Jenkins. I beg pardon, there is no library.

Penrud. Right! why ſhou'd wealth be wiſe? Who, that cou'd feed upon the leavings of the dead, wou'd keep ſo many living men in pay to pamper his appetite? You wou'd be uſeleſs miniſters to a philoſopher; therefore, whilſt I am with you, I'll be none.—Shew me your gayeſt chamber.

[*Exit attended.*

SCENE *changes to a magnificent Ball Room, richly decorated.*

PENRUDDOCK, WEAZEL, *and* Attendants.

Penrud. What's all this? for what perverted race of beings was this abominable farrago of abſurdity collected?

Jenkins. This, Sir! we call this the ball-room. It was thus prepar'd for the *fête* Sir George intended to have given on his return out of Cornwall, as this very night, if death had not prevented him.

Penrud.

Penrud. Death ſav'd his credit; and as guardian of his memory, I will have this libel burnt by the common hangman, and its author proſecuted with the utmoſt rigour of the law.

Jenkins. We have other apartments, Sir, if this is not to your liking.

Penrud. Leave me, if you pleaſe. *(Exit* JENKINS' *and Servants.)*—Oh! my beloved cottage, when ſhall I re-viſit thee?—I told you of my adventure with young Woodville, and the hard names he gave me: wou'd it not be a worthy puniſhment to impriſon him for life?

Weazel. A moderate correction he well merits; but impriſonment for life wou'd be too ſevere a puniſhment.

Penrud. I think it wou'd, in ſuch an execrable dungeon as this.—How long, Sir, might it take to ſtarve a naked man to death in a cold froſty night?

Weazel. Truly, Sir, the calculation never enter'd my thoughts.

Penrud. I'll tell you then—about as long as it wou'd take to drive me mad, were I to be here ſhut up without the power of an eſcape. 'Sdeath! can a man that has looked Nature in the face, gaze on theſe fripperies? Why, Sir, my cobwebs, which old Deborah's purblind eyes leave undiſturb'd, have twenty times the grace of theſe unnatural feſtoons. What did Sir George Penruddock mean by thus lampooning me? I'll not wear a fool's cap and bells for any man's humor, not I.—Sir, I muſt ever curſe the moment when you broke up my repoſe in my ſmall unſophiſticated cottage.

JENKINS *enters.*

Jenkins. Captain Woodville is at the door, and deſires to know if there is not a perſon here he was to call upon.

Penrud.

Penrud. Introduce Captain Woodville directly. (*Exit* JENKINS.)—Mr. Weazel, you will expedite thoſe matters I inſtructed you upon, and remember ſecrecy.

Weazel. I ſhall act faithfully in all things, to the beſt of my underſtanding.—What a myſterious animal it is! 'Twou'd puzzle Oedipus to unriddle what he means. [*Exit.*

HENRY *enters.*

Henry. Bleſs me! can this be ſo? Am I in company with Mr. Penruddock?

Penrud. For the ſecond time.—I recollect we met by accident, and had ſome intereſting converſation.

Henry. Then I muſt throw myſelf upon your candor, and abide by any meaſures you may chuſe to dictate in conſequence of what has paſs'd between us.

Penrud. You hardly can expect much candor in a character ſuch as you painted—ſavage, inſenſible, loſt to all ſocial charities, a gloomy miſanthrope.

Henry. I ſpoke, as men are apt to ſpeak, what I believ'd upon report.—If you mean only to retort the words on me as their retailer, you ſtill leave the original authority in force; but if you can refute that, you at once vindicate your own character from aſperſion, and bring me to ſhame for my credulity and levity.

Penrud. If I remember right, you quoted your own father as the authority on which you reſted: of him, therefore, in the firſt place, I will ſpeak; of myſelf in the laſt.—Your father and myſelf were intimates through all that happy age, when nature

nature wears no maſk: our boyiſh ſports, our college ſtudies, our travelling excurſions, united us in friendſhip.—This may be tedious talk, and yet I ſtudy to be brief, for my own ſake as well as yours.

Henry. I'm all attention—pray proceed.

Penrud. On our return from travel, it was my fortune to engage the affections of a lady—whom at this diſtant period I can't name without emotions that unman and ſhake my fooliſh heart—therefore no more of her. Your father was our mutual confidant, paſs'd and repaſs'd between us on affairs of truſt and ſecrecy, whilſt I was buſied in providing for our marriage ſettlement: I ſtruggled againſt difficulties, that tortur'd my impatience, and, at length overcame them. In that interval a villain had belied my character, poiſon'd her credulous mind, and by the diſplay of a ſuperior fortune, prevailed upon her parents to revoke their promiſes to me, and marry her to him.—What did this wretch deſerve?

Henry. Death from your hands, and infamy from all the world.

Penrud. And yet upon his credit you arraign my character;—for that wretch is your own father—

Henry. And the lady you addreſs'd my mother—?

Penrud. Oh! yes, yes, yes!

Henry. I'm dumb with horror.

Penrud. Can you now wonder, if, when arm'd with power to extinguiſh this deſpoiler of my peace, this ſtill inveterate defamer of my character, I iſſue, as your own words deſcribe me, like a hungry lion from his den, to ravage and devour?

Henry. I'll anſwer that hereafter; and by the honour of a ſoldier, I will anſwer it as truth and juſtice

juſtice ſhall exact of me. But a charge ſo ſtrong, ſo ſerious, ſo heart-rending to a ſon, who feels himſelf referred to in a caſe ſo touching, demands a ſtrict diſcuſſion: I ſhall immediately ſeek out my father, whom I have not yet ſeen.

Penrud. If I accuſe him falſely, it is not reſtitution of the debt he owes me, nor all that I poſſeſs beſides, no, nor my life itſelf, that can atone for the calumny: ~~treat me not like a man with equal chance of weapons, but ſpurn me like a dog.~~ If I have ſpoken truth, confeſs that tho' I have the fury of the lion you compare me to, I have, like him, inſtinct to juſtify the ravages I make.

Henry. I cloſe upon thoſe terms: when next we meet, we meet deciſively. [*Exit* HENRY.

PENRUDDOCK.

He, that is once deceived, may plead a venial error; but he that gives himſelf to be a fool twice dup'd, has nothing but his folly to excuſe him. I parted from this ſtrumpet world becauſe ſhe jilted me; proteſting never to believe her more, I caſt her off; ſhe now approaches me with ſyren ſmiles, throws out her lures, and thinks to dazzle me with theſe vile ſcraps of tawdry patch-work finery—Away with all ſuch ſnares! there's whore upon the face of them.

JENKINS *enters.*

Jenkins. Is it your pleaſure to be at home, Sir?

Penrud. It ſhall be before long.

Jenkins. Do you chuſe to ſee Mr. Sydenham?

Penrud. By all means.—(*Exit* JENKINS.)—The whole town are welcome to break in and plunder all

all they find: encumber'd with the trappings of folly, the ſooner I am ſtript the better.

SYDENHAM *enters.*

Sir, I am proud to ſee you. This is indeed a kindneſs greater than I look'd for, even from you, of whom I had conceiv'd ſo highly, to viſit one that muſt appear to you in the laſt ſtage of human miſery.

Syden. How ſo, Sir? what is it you can allude to?

Penrud. Theſe ſymptoms of inſanity.

Syden. You ſurprize me, Sir: if you advert to the decorations of this ball-room, be aſſur'd they are executed to a miracle; conceiv'd, diſpos'd, and finiſh'd with great elegance, and in the very laſt taſte.

Penrud. Heaven grant it may be the laſt!

Syden. You have liv'd long out of the world; your eyes are uſed to Nature; but in theſe times we never prize what we can enjoy for nothing: of courſe Nature and all her works are out of faſhion.

Penrud. And may I aſk which faſhion you are of?

Syden. Sir, I am, as I told you, a mere idler, a roving drone without a hive. To call upon me for an opinion is to expoſe me to danger, for I am too honeſt to diſguiſe my ſentiments, and my ſentiments are too ſincere to pleaſe the generality of thoſe I keep company with—I am poor, but ſtill ſuch a plain-ſpoken fool, that if you was to aſk me what I thought of you, I ſhould infallibly give you my opinion to your face.

Penrud.

Penrud. Then give it, I conjure you: I have ſtill my own conſcience to refer to.

Syden. Perhaps I may not treat you with the civiliţy you require. Your conſcience and I may differ in that reſpect.

Penrud. Proceed nevertheleſs.

Syden. The firſt predicament I ſaw you in was a peculiar one—Encounter'd by a man, a guilty one I own, who confeſs'd to the wrongs he had done you, and threw himſelf upon your pardon: he was in miſery and at your mercy—a glorious moment was then in your reach; for the honor of human nature I wiſh'd you to have ſeiz'd it; you ſeiz'd the piſtol, inſtead, which he tender'd you, and when you might have conquer'd him by generoſity, preferr'd the doubtful chance of revenging yourſelf in his blood.

Penrud. Go on, go on! Cut deep, and never ſpare me.

Syden. A mediating angel ſtopt your hand, but ſtill you ſlunk away in ſilence, ſullen and myſterious: what the contents of Mrs. Woodville's letter were, I know not; but whatever they might be, I underſtand they are unanſwer'd, ~~for I came this inſtant from the lady who addreſs'd you~~—Here you are not leſs wanting in politeneſs than humanity.

Penrud. Facts, but not comments, if you pleaſe. What next?

Syden. The ſon of your neglected correſpondent is come home, a braver, nobler, more ingenuous youth, his country does not boaſt: I met him as he parted from your door; what was in his heart I know not, but in his features all was ſadneſs, horror and deſpair—I threw my arms about him; he preſs'd me to his boſom, ſigh'd, and broke away from me without a word.

Penrud.

Penrud. If you held no diſcourſe, how can you dive into his thoughts?

Syden. Becauſe I know how deep and keen the pangs of diſappointed love.

Penrud. Do you know that? I know it too, and rankle with the wounds, that time can never cure: tell me his caſe; what is the Lady's name, and whence his diſappointment?

Syden. The miſtreſs of his ſoul is Emily, the fair and lovely daughter of your neighbour Mr. Tempeſt: plung'd in his father's ruin, all his hopes are wreckt; honour forbids the match, for Tempeſt is not rich, and Henry (curſe upon that dæmon gaming!) is undone: meantime Sir David Daw, a fellow cramm'd with money to a ſurfeit, propoſes for the Lady—

Penrud. What then, what then? ſhe will not marry him.

Syden. I ſhould ſuppoſe ſhe will.

Penrud. Infamous proſtitution! Is there a ſecond woman to be found ſo baſe of ſoul, ſo loſt to every ſenſe—

Syden. Stop! on your life no more: I muſt not hear the nobleſt ſacrifice, that generoſity e'er made to ſave a ſinking family, ſo groſsly treated by the very man, who is himſelf the ſource and fountain-head of their calamity—And now proceed, fulfil your whole deſign, compleat their ruin—tear this devoted victim from the heart of her beloved Henry—drive her into the arms of folly—immolate affection, beauty, innocence, every grace and every virtue, to the luxury of revenge, and when you've done it—ſall to your dinner with what appetite you may!

Penrud. Stay, Sir!—I could reply to you, but my heart ſwells againſt this tyranny of tongue.

The

The time may come—nay it ſhall come—when you'll repent this language.

Syden. Not I, by Heaven—I have a ſword, that never yet was backward to come forth upon the call, and ſecond what I've ſaid. And now, becauſe I'll give your vengeance its full range, and ſuffer none that I call friend to ſkulk behind my ſhield, I tell you Woodville will be found with me, whenever you think fit to ſeek him. Your ſervants know the houſe, and will direct you to it. [*Exit.*

PENRUDDOCK.

Here's a bold ſpirit! Theſe are the loud-tongu'd moraliſts, who make benevolence a bully, and mouth us into mercy by the dint of noiſe and impudence—but I ſhall lower his tone.—Who waits? —[JENKINS *appears*]—Tell my Attorney I wou'd ſpeak with him. [*Exit.*

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

(An Apartment in SYDENHAM'S *Houſe.)*

WOODVILLE, *Mrs.* WOODVILLE.

WOODVILLE.

YOU ſtrive in vain to comfort me; my ſpirit ſinks under a load of guilt, which all your pity and forgiveneſs cannot lighten.—Is there a gleam of hope to catch at?

Mrs. W. There ſeems an awful pauſe in our fate; I dare not call it hope; I do not think it warrants us to treat it as deſpair.

Wood. Have you had any anſwer from Penruddock?

Mrs. W. None.

Wood. Heartleſs, unfeeling monſter—

Mrs. W. Huſh, huſh! you ſhou'd not rail.

Wood. I'll hide myſelf no longer; I'll go forth and face his perſecution.

Mrs. W. Hold, be not raſh. Where's Sydenham?

Wood. Gone to Penruddock.

Mrs. W. I'm ſorry for it; that will blow the flame; their tempers never can accord.

Wood. I ſaw the danger, and ſtrove to divert him from the undertaking—but you know his zealous temper; no remonſtrance ſtops him.

Mrs. W. I'll go to Penruddock myſelf.

Wood. Not for the world.

Mrs. W. Why, what ſhould hinder me?

Wood. Conſideration for yourſelf—and, tho' I have

have juſtly forfeited all right to counſel you, let me add, my earneſt diſſuaſion.

Mrs. W. This is no time for pride—think of your ſon!

Wood. Oh! agony of ſoul! Oh, monſtrous, monſtrous villain that I am!—And look! protect me, ſave me from the ſight of him. [*Falls on her neck.*

HENRY *enters, and after a pauſe ſpeaks.*

Henry. Sir, be a man! You fly too late to that protecting virtue; if it is painful to abide this meeting, why did you riſque the pain? What was the good you might have gain'd, compar'd with what you have loſt?—A wife, a ſon, the ſacred truſt of huſband, father, all that Heaven committed to your keeping, ſtak'd (Oh! diſproportion'd ſtake!) againſt a gambler's coin!

Wood. Truly, but ſternly urg'd.—I thank you! It has rous'd me.

Henry. I'm glad it has, for it requires ſome energy to meet the appeal that I am bound to make: Penruddock charges you with acts, long paſt indeed, but of the blackeſt treachery. How ſtands the truth? I'm deeply pledged upon the iſſue of your anſwer: If you are falſely charg'd, I ſhall do what becomes me as your ſon; if not, I've done him wrong, and have much to atone for.

Wood. I'll give no anſwer: I am your father, Sir, and will not be thus queſtion'd.

Henry. Alas! you are my father; and my honor, which is all you have not taken from me, is ſo far engag'd that I muſt have an anſwer.

Mrs. W. Take it from me!—'Tis true.

Wood. Hah! do you turn againſt me?

Mrs. W. No; but I cannot turn aſide from truth, and ſhrink as you do from confeſſion, when

a brave ſon demands it.—Penruddock has been wrong'd.

Wood. I've cancell'd all his wrongs; I've tender'd him the ſatisfaction of a gentleman, and he accepted it; Sydenham was preſent, and can witneſs it.

Mrs. W. And what enſu'd?

Wood. Your letter was produc'd, and he declin'd the duel.

Mrs. W. Did he? Now Heaven be thank'd! I've ſav'd your heart one agony at leaſt—What wou'd have been your crime, had you deſtroy'd that man!

Wood. Perhaps I did not mean to put it to the riſque.

Henry. I hope you did not.—I have now my anſwer, and muſt take my leave.

(SYDENHAM *runs in, and ſtops him.*)

Syden. One moment, one ſhort moment, my dear lad!—For ever on the wing?—I muſt ſhoot flying then; for, come what may, I muſt and will embrace you.

Henry. Meaſure not my affection, my good friend, by the few moments it can ſpare you: you have the ſoul of honor in you, know all it's feelings, it's refinements, and can truſt that nothing but it's duties wou'd compel me to break from you thus abruptly—farewell! [*Exit.*

Syden. There, there he goes—unfortunate, tho' brave, the darling of my heart, his country's gallant champion, redeem'd from long captivity to encounter ſorrows at home, enough to rend his manly heart aſunder—Who wou'd not pity him? who but muſt love him? I do from my ſoul.

Mrs. W. Aye, Charles, you have a heart.

Syden. I have a heart to honor him, a ſword to ſerve

ſerve him, and a purſe—no, not that—confound it, curſe it, for it's emptineſs!—hang dog, I wou'd it were as big and as full as a ſack for his ſake—Damn that old crabbed cottager, that book-worm—

Mrs. W. Peace!—you have viſited Penruddock—

Syden. Yes, you may call it viſiting—He received me planting himſelf in the very center of Sir George's ſplendid ball-room, like a gloomy night-piece in a gilded frame. He aſk'd me if I did not think him mad—I civilly ſaid, No; which was a lie for your ſake;—but preſently he led me on to give him his full character, and then the truth came out; I told him my whole mind.

Wood. What did you tell him? can you recollect?

Syden. As for you, I told him fairly I had nothing to ſay in your behalf, but that I thought it would have been a very gallant act to have forgiven you, ſimply becauſe you had ſo little title to expect it.

Wood. There was no great flattery in that, methinks.

Syden. Hang it, flattery! no; I was paſt flattering; for, when I came to ſpeak of Henry, and how all hopes of his beloved Emily were blaſted by your curſt itch of gaming, 'ſdeath! I was all on fire, and ſhot philippics thick and terrible as red-hot balls.

Mrs. W. Why? what provok'd you to it?

Syden. What but to think how glorious an opportunity he let ſlip of reſcuing the brave lad from diſappointment, and defeating that rich blockhead of a baronet, that dunder-headed Daw, who waits to ſnap her up? wasn't that enough to do it? Zooks! had I ſwallow'd Hecla, I cou'd not have ſum'd more furiouſly.

Mrs. W. Still you don't anſwer to my queſtion:

Did Mr. Penruddock give you to underſtand that Henry had nothing to expect from him?

Syden. No; but I underſtood it well enough without his giving—I ſaw it in his looks; if you would paint a head of Caius Marius in his priſon, he was the very model for it: It chill'd benevolence to look upon him; Spitzbergen cou'd not freeze me more effectually than his marble face.

Mrs. W. My friend, my friend! you are too volatile; you only ſaw the ruggedneſs of the ſoil, and never ſearch'd for the rich ore beneath it.—And now, Woodville, for a ſhort time farewell! To your benevolent friend I recommend you; and, if my auguries don't deceive me, I'll bring you better tidings when next we meet. [*Exit.*

Syden. By Heavens, Woodville, you muſt have had a moſt intolerable bad taſte, when you could prefer the company of a crew of gameſters to the ſociety of that angelic woman.

Wood. Oh! Sydenham, I reflect with horror on that monſter gaming: that with the ſmiles of a ſyren to allure, has the talons of a harpy to deſtroy us. [*Exeunt.*

An Apartment in PENRUDDOCK's *Houſe.*

PENRUDDOCK *alone.*

I'm weary, ſick, diſcomfited. This world and I muſt part once more. That it has virtues, I will not deny; but they lie buried in a tide of vanities, like grains of gold in ſand waſh'd down by mountain torrents: I cannot wait the ſifting.—Sydenham has a heart—what then? his zeal, like a rich cordial drank to intoxication, loſes it's ſweet nature, and becomes pernicious by abuſe.—Henry is young; and, like the promiſe of a forward ſpring,

ſpring, flatters our hopes of harveſt; 'twere hard to let him wither in the bud: he too is thoughtleſs, raſh, impetuous—but he's a ſoldier and a lover; with them I ſympathize—beſides, his mother's in his face.

HENRY *enters.*

Henry. They tell me you wou'd ſee me; if I come unſeaſonably, appoint ſome other time.

Penrud. The preſent is your own; command it as you pleaſe.

Henry. I have done you flagrant wrong; but as I cannot charge my memory with ſlandering your good name in any other person's hearing but your own, and that unknowingly, I have no other perſon to atone to but yourſelf.

Penrud. You have ſeen your father, and explain'd?

Henry. I have; my mother too was preſent.

Penrud. Your mother preſent?—May I requeſt you to deſcribe what paſs'd?

Henry. You ſhall know all.—My father at firſt ſight ſhrunk from me, conſcious and abaſh'd; I urg'd your charge upon him ſtrongly, perhaps (for I was gall'd with many griefs) more ſtrongly than became me: my high tone offended him, and he refus'd to anſwer; a ſecond time I urg'd the ſame demand; my mother inſtantly replied, that your appeal was true—you had been groſsly wrong'd.—Her candor drew forth his confeſſion, qualified with this excuſe, that he had tender'd ſatisfaction; hinting withal, that had the affair taken place, he wou'd not have return'd your fire.

Penrud. It is enough, I am ſatisfied; you know me now to have been an injur'd man, betray'd by him I truſted, wounded in the tendereſt part, and robb'd of all I held moſt dear: if, therefore, I am

become *ſavage*, *inſenſible*, and all that you once thought me, I have ſome natural plea; and, ſhould you find me a hard creditor to one that was ſo falſe a friend, what can you ſay?

Henry. Leſs than I wiſh: your own benevolence muſt be my father's advocate.

Penrud. He has undone his family, loſt great ſums by play, and chiefly, as I find, to Sir George Penruddock, who ſupplied him alſo with loans till his eſtate was mortgag'd to it's value, his town-houſe ſeiz'd, and bond debts hanging over him, that put his perſon at my mercy—If revenge were my object, theſe are tempting opportunities for indulging it; if avarice were my paſſion, here are ample means for gratifying it—What have you now to offer on your father's part?

Henry. To juſtice nothing; ſome little plea perhaps upon the ſcore of mercy.

Penrud. State it.

Henry. I am a ſoldier, Sir; and, were I circumſtanc'd as you are, I could not ſuffer myſelf to deprive that man of his liberty, who had tendered me an honorable ſatisfaction at the peril of his life.

Penrud. Well, Sir, I love a ſoldier; and tho' your arguments are not to be found in law or goſpel, yet they have weight, and I will give them full conſideration: we ſhall meet again.

Henry. Have you any further commands?

Penrud. A word before we part—You bear a ſtrong reſemblance to your mother—will you be troubled with a meſſage to her?

Henry. Moſt readily.

Penrud. I have to apologize for the neglect of an unanſwer'd letter—Say to her, I beſeech you, that I am collecting ſpirits to requeſt an interview with her here, before I finally retire to my cottage.

—This

—This to your mother—now to yourſelf a word in ſecrecy and pure good-will—I am told you are attach'd to a moſt amiable young lady, daughter of the Honorable Mr. Tempeſt, my near neighbour—by ſad experience I exhort you, truſt not to chance and time; make ſuit without delay, loſe not a moment, but repair forthwith to Mr. Tempeſt.

Henry. Ah! Sir, what hope for me?

Penrud. A ſoldier, and deſpair? For ſhame! go, go, announce yourſelf, and take your chance for a reception: if he admits you, well; if he declines your viſit, you have loſt your labor, and I have given you miſtaken counſel. Come, I'll attend you to the door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Mr.* TEMPEST's *Houſe.*

TEMPEST, *Sir* DAVID DAW.

Sir D. D. With your leave, Governor Tempeſt, I would fain crave your patience, whilſt I open a bit of my mind to you, in a quiet way and without offence.

Temp. You may open it too without a preface, good Sir David; I am ready to hear you.

Sir D. D. That's kind; that's courteous! and I muſt ſay it to your face, aye, and I'll ſay it in the face of the whole world, that I have always found you as obliging and civil-ſpoken a gentleman, as I ever croſs'd upon in my whole life before—I ſpeak it from my heart, I do indeed, I ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

Temp. Yes, but I don't want to hear it juſt now; ſpeak to the buſineſs, and leave truth to ſpeak for itſelf.

Sir

Sir D. D. But why do I ſay it? Why, but becauſe I hear the people talk ſo much of your want of temper, and of the violent paſſions you throw yourſelf into? Now I ſay—

Temp. Who cares what you ſay? The people are not half ſo provoking as you, the retail hawker of their paltry nonſenſe—you, that with ſilly acquieſcence make men ſick of their own opinions by always chiming in with them—you, that pelt us with ill-ſavour'd compliments, till rotten eggs and the pillory would be a recreation in compariſon of them—you that—

Sir D. D. Oh dear, oh dear! who cou'd have thought it? now you have driven all I had to ſay clear out of my head.

Temp. Well, 'tis no loſs, if this is a ſample of it's contents.

Sir D. D. I cannot for the ſoul of me get the words together again; though I had conn'd them over pretty cloſely, if you had not bounc'd upon me in ſuch a faſhion; but, under favor, I could explain myſelf to your fair daughter, ſhe is kindly and good-humor'd.

Temp. Make your own way with her then as you can, for here ſhe comes.

EMILY *enters.*

Well, child, if you can make any thing of this gentleman, it is more than I can; all I underſtand is, that he has been flattering my patience till he has put me in a paſſion.

Emily. Oh fie, Sir David! don't you know you ſhou'd never ſpeak of patience in my father's company? 'Tis like complimenting a man upon his wife, after he is divorc'd from her.

Temp. Huſſey, is your wit ſo unmanageable, that

that it runs foul of your father?—Hark'ye, child, a word in your ear—

Emily. Nothing elſe, I hope—but, indeed, Sir, I am half afraid of you.

Temp. And well you may, you little ſlut, for you deſerve—I'll tell you what you deſerve—a better huſband than this David Dunce.—Mind now! (but this is a ſecret) I don't quite inſiſt upon your liking him as well as Harry Woodville.

Emily. No, Sir, that would be to debar me from the uſe of eyes, ears, and underſtanding.

Temp. And hark'ye!—If you give him a ſmooth anſwer, and a civil paſſport into Monmouthſhire, I am not ſure, provided you are very penitent and beg hard, but I ſhall find in my heart to forgive you. [*Exit.*

Sir D. D. O Jubilate! I'm glad to my heart he is gone, Never did I hear ſuch a royſterer in my days. What! does he take me for one of his black negro-ſlaves in Africa? Have not I danc'd attendance long enough upon his humors, follow'd him like his ſhadow, laugh'd at his jokes, echo'd his opinions, put up with his ſwearing, and been as mute as a fiſh whilſt he rated at the ſervants? and now to fall upon me like a cat o'mountain on a harmleſs kid—Oh! if it was not for you, Miſs Emily, if my love for you did not keep me cool and calm, I wou'd ſhew him a little of the ſpirit of the Daws: I ſhou'd be as hot and ſnappiſh as himſelf—but you don't liſten to me, I'm afraid.

Emily. What can this whiſper mean? He has had a ſtranger with him—a coarſe, clowniſh man—but that can argue nothing—Henry he has not ſeen—

Sir D. D. Will you not let me ſpeak to you?

Emily. Oh! yes, for ever: talk without ſtint or meaſure; only let me meditate the whilſt: my thoughts

thoughts won't interrupt you, nor your diſcourſe my thoughts. *(Sits down.)*

Sir D. D. I ſhou'd hope, lovely charmer—

Emily. Lovely what?

Sir D. D. Lovely charmer was my expreſſion.

Emily. Oh! very well: it's all the ſame. Go on!

Sir D. D. I ſhou'd hope, lovely Miſs Emily Tempeſt, (for I won't ſay charmer) after the long attendance I have paid, and the proofs I have given of my patience, as well as of my paſſion, that I have now waited the full time, which young ladies uſually require to make up their minds whether to ſay Aye or No to a plain propoſal.

Emily. What propoſal do you allude to?

Sir D. D. Surely you can't aſk that queſtion ſeriouſly at this time o'day; ſurely you muſt know that I mean a propoſal of marriage.

Emily. Right! very true—I recollect you propoſed to marry me—Well! what wou'd you do with me when you had got me?

Sir D. D. Lud-a-mercy! well; what would I do with you? That's comical, i'faith—why, in the firſt place I'd whiſk you down to the caſtle—

Emily. Whiſk me down to the caſtle—

Sir D. D. To be ſure I wou'd, for why? things are all at ſixes and ſevens for want of me: nothing like a maſter's eye; a gentleman, who truſts to ſervants in his abſence, is ſure to be cut up.

Emily. Cut up! what's that?

Sir D. D. Why, 'tis a common phraſe—

Emily. With the ſlaughterers of Clare-market—but let it paſs!—What am I to be done with then?

Sir D. D. Oh! as for that we ſhall ſoon ſet things upon their right bottom again, and then we will be as happy and as merry as the day is long.

Emily. Hold there! I never bargain'd to be happy: you may as well teach the towers of your caſtle to dance, as me to be merry.

Sir

Sir D. D. Why, what ſhould hinder you, when every thing, that money can command, ſhall be purchas'd to content you? But I'm afraid, Miſs Emily, there is a little double-dealing in this buſineſs: I ſuſpect your heart inclines to Captain Woodville; and now he is come to England, I ſuppoſe I am likely to be cut out.

Emily. Poor man! what between cutting up and cutting out, how you will be mangled? Wouldn't it be better to live ſingle in a whole ſkin, than marry and be butcher'd in ſo barbarous a manner?

Sir D. D. I don't know but it might—I won't ſay but it may be ſo—if I'm not agreeable to one, I may be agreeable to another—rich folks need not go a-begging.—If Captain Woodville is the man, why then perhaps I don't covet to be the maſter—if Captain Woodville—Huſh! who's coming?

HENRY WOODVILLE *enters.*

Emily. Henry!

Sir D. D. Oh Lord! my death warrant. [*Aſide.*

Henry. Well may you be ſurpriz'd to ſee me here, and your wonder will be encreas'd when I tell you that I have your father's privilege for my intruſion;—but if you and this gentleman, whom I underſtand to be Sir David Daw, are upon buſineſs of conſequence, I retire upon the word.

Sir D. D. A very civil perſon, I muſt ſay.

Emily. Sir David, was the buſineſs we were upon of any conſequence?

Sir D. D. To me of moſt immediate; how did you conſider it, I pray?

Emily. As I do every other harmleſs common talk; very entertaining whilſt it laſts, very ſoon forgot when it is over; but this gentleman has converſation of a ſort that is apt to drive all other out of my recollection.

Henry.

Henry. Oh! Emily, Emily! for Heaven's ſake—

Emily. Hold your tongue.

Sir D. D. Nay, Madam, the gentleman ſeems to underſtand himſelf very properly; but I muſt think that you, Miſs Emily, conſidering who I am, and how I came here, do not underſtand me quite ſo properly; and I muſt ſay—

Henry. What muſt you ſay? Not a ſingle word to this lady that in the ſlighteſt degree borders on diſreſpect; and now, with that caution for your government, let me hear what it is you muſt ſay—

Sir D. D. Nay, nothing more; I think I've ſaid enough—Your very humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Henry. Lovelieſt of women, charmer of my ſight, my ſoul! this abſolute repulſe of your rich ſuitor flatters but frightens me. What will your father ſay? whilſt I am wholly in the fault, you will bear all the blame.

Emily. If I am never blam'd but for your faults—

"Why let the ſtricken deer go weep,
"The hart ungalled play."

Henry. Can you account for his indulgence?

Emily. Can you expound the changes of the moon? Can you explain why, when all other female hearts are fickle, mine alone is fixt?

Henry. Ought I to ſuffer that? honor ſhou'd teach me to avoid your preſence.

Emily. Yes; but if you practiſe that honor upon me, I never will forgive you. Come down from theſe high flights, if you pleaſe, and walk upon your feet, as other men do. If you are alarm'd at being poor, I'll marry that money-bag, and enrich you with the pillage of it—will that be honorable? No, no! moſt execrable meanneſs; therefore away with it! Spinſter as I am, I may ſtruggle on to a good old age, and give offence to nobody; but a wife, without a heart to beſtow upon her huſband, is a cheat and an impoſtor.

Henry.

Henry. Oh! cruel, cruel fortune, why was it my lot to be the ſon of a gameſter?

Emily. Rather ſay why was it not my lot to be the heireſs of Penruddock, inſtead of that old fuſty philoſopher, who, when he and the ſpiders have ſtood centinels over his coffers, till watching and faſting have worn him to a ſkeleton, will ſink into the grave, and leave his wealth to be beſtow'd in premiums for diſcoveries in the moon.

Henry. Come, come, take care how you fall into the ſame trap as I did: We muſt ſuſpend opinions of Penruddock.

Emily. Muſt we? Nay, now I ſwear there's ſomething in your thoughts; aye, and my father too looks wiſe and whiſpers: well, if you have a ſecret, and won't tell it me, be it at your peril! I'll keep mine as cloſe as you keep your's.

Henry. I'll compromiſe with you, and exchange confeſſions.—Anſwer me this, If Fortune ſhould turn round and ſmile upon your poor diſconſolate admirer, will you, who ſway each movement of my heart, inſpire its hopes, allay its fears, animate its ambition, and engroſs its love!—Will you, Oh Emily—

Emily. Will I do what?

Henry. I dare not aſk the queſtion—'tis preſumptuous, baſe, diſhonorable—

Emily. And very diſappointing, let me tell you, to one whoſe anſwer was ſo ready.—Henceforth I've done with you; I ſhall now retreat into the citadel and ſtand upon my defences; when you want another parley, you muſt treat with the Governor. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Chamber.*

PENRUDDOCK, WEAZEL.

PENRUDDOCK.

THUS then it ſtands—This houſe, and all that its voluptuous owner had amaſs'd within it, we doom to inſtant ſale; ſome modern Lucullus will be found to purchaſe it; the mourners in black, and the mountebanks in their parti-color'd jackets, muſt be paid their wages and diſmiſs'd—So far we are agreed.

Weazel. Perfectly, Sir; and if any young heir is in haſte to be rid of his eſtate, theſe are the gentlemen that will ſooneſt help him to the end of it.

Penrud. Mrs. Woodville's ſettlement, which in her huſband's deſperate neceſſity ſhe had as deſperately reſign'd to him, is now made over, and ſecured in truſt to her ſole uſe and benefit.

Weazel. The deed is now in hand, and a deed it is, permit me to ſay, that will make your fame reſound to all poſterity.

Penrud. Thank Heaven, I ſhall not hear it! The fame I covet blows no trumpet in my ears; it whiſpers peace and comfort to my heart.—The obligations, bonds, and mortgages, of whatever deſcription, covering the whole of Woodville's property, are conſign'd to Henry his ſon.

Weazel.

Weazel. They are, and give him clear poſſeſſion of his paternal eſtate.

Penrud. 'Tis what I mean, and alſo of the houſe in town.

Weazel. They are effectual to both purpoſes; and take it how you will, good Sir, I muſt and will pronounce it a moſt noble beneſaction.

Penrud. In this particular I'll not decline your praiſe; for doing this I've ſtruggled hard againſt an evil ſpirit that had ſeiz'd dominion of my heart, and triumph'd over my benevolence—this conqueſt I may glory in.

Weazel. There yet remains, of ſolid and original eſtate, poſſeſſions to a great amount.

Penrud. Them I ſhall huſband as untainted ſtock: I do not cut into the heart of the tree, I only lop off the excreſcences and funguſes, that weaken'd and diſgrac'd it. Now, Sir, if theſe points are clearly underſtood by you, and no difficulties occur that require explanation, we will ſeparate, with your leave, to our reſpective occupations.

Weazel. Your pardon for one moment—My profeſſion is the law: it has been my lot to execute many honourable and benevolent commiſſions; ſome, I confeſs, have fallen into my hands, that have put my conſcience to a little ſtrain, though a man of my ſort muſt not ſtart at trifles; but the inſtructions you have now honour'd me with exceed all I have ever handled, all I have heard of; and when this charitable deed ſhall come to be regiſter'd in the Upper Court, I hope my name as witneſs will go along with it; and if the joy with which I ſign'd it be remembered in my favor, I fancy few attornies will ſtand a better chance than Timothy Weazel. [*Exit* WEAZEL.

PENRUDDOCK.

'Tis done! the laſt bad paſſion in my breaſt is now expell'd, and it no longer rankles with revenge: in the retirement of my cottage I ſhall have ſomething in ſtore, on which my thoughts may feed with pleaſing retroſpection; courted by affluence, I reſort to ſolitude by choice, not fly to it for refuge from misfortune and diſguſt. Now I can ſay, as I contemplate Nature's bold and frowning face—"Knit not your brows at me; I've done "the world no wrong."—Or if I turn the moral page, conſcious of having triumph'd in my turn, I can reply to Plato, "I too am a philoſopher."

JENKINS *enters.*

Jenkins. Mrs. Woodville deſires leave to wait upon you.

Penrud. Am I a philoſopher now? (*Aſide*)—Admit the lady—[*Exit* JENKINS.] Where is my boaſted courage? Oh! that this taſk was over!

Mrs. WOODVILLE *enters.*

Mrs. W. If you are not as totally revers'd in nature as you are rais'd in fortune, I ſhall not repent of having hazarded a ſtep ſo humbling to my ſex, ſo agonizing to my feelings; for I am ſure it was not in your heart, when I partook of it, to treat a guiltleſs woman with contempt, or wreak unmanly vengeance on your worſt of enemies, when fallen at your feet. Shall I proceed, or pauſe? Give me the ſign; I urge you not to anſwer—Ah, Sir, you are greatly agitated.

Penrud. I am indeed; yet if I can reſolve to turn

turn aſide my eyes from the ſtill lovely ruin of your face, I may find powers to hear you.

Mrs. W. I am a wife—a mother—

Penrud. Oh! too much, too much!—(*he weeps.*)

Mrs. W. I'll wait in ſilence: I will proceed no further.

Penrud. Years upon years have paſs'd ſince I have heard that voice, yet in my dreams thoſe tones have viſited me; I have wak'd, and cried—"Speak to me, Arabella, Oh! ſpeak again!"—'Twas fancy, 'twas illuſion.

Mrs. W. Let me retire; I cannot bear to hurt you.

Penrud. Pray do not leave me: Did you know what ſtruggles I have ſurmounted, you wou'd ſay I perform wonders.—I cou'd not write to you, judge what it is to ſee you.

Mrs. W. I thought that theſe emotions had ſubſided, and that ſolitude and ſtudy had made you a philoſopher.

Penrud. You ſee what a philoſopher I am. You never knew me rightly; I had a heart for friendſhip and love; I was betray'd by one, and ruin'd in the other.

Mrs. W. You have been deeply injur'd, I muſt own: I too have been to blame, but I was young and credulous, and caught with glittering ſnares.

Penrud. Aye, ſnares they have been; fatal ones, alas!

Mrs. W. I have liv'd in diſſipation, you in calm retirement: how peacefully your hours have paſs'd, how unquietly mine! One only ſolace cheer'd my ſad heart—my Henry, my ſon.

Penrud. I've ſeen him; I've convers'd with him: he ſpoke unguardedly, but diſappointment ſours the mind; he treated me unjuſtly—but he reſembles you, and I forgave him.

Mrs. W. When you ſay that, you ſpeak of what I was, not what I am.

Penrud. You are much chang'd, much faded; but I have your picture freſh and fair as the firſt bloom of youth.

Mrs. W. My picture? how did you poſſeſs yourſelf of that?

Penrud. By a moſt foul and infamous piece of knavery; a treacherous friend defrauded me of the ſubſtance, and left me nothing but the ſhadow to contemplate: but memory was faithful; it has cheer'd me in my ſolitude.

Mrs. W. If you are thus retentive of affection, I muſt ſuppoſe you are no leſs ſo of reſentment; why then ſhou'd I repeat my ſorrows? You know them.

Penrud. I know them; I have felt them; I have redreſs'd them.

Mrs. W. Redreſs'd them! What is it I hear?

Penrud. What I have done, I have done; I cannot talk of benefits, nor will I hear acknowledgements. You wou'd have ſunk—I cou'd not chuſe but ſave you.

Mrs. W. I'll not oppreſs you with thoſe fulſome thanks that pall the generous ear; I will congratulate you rather on thoſe exquiſite ſenſations, which muſt far outvalue any price you can have paid for them; I'll ſay to you in truth, that till this moment I had almoſt loſt remembrance of your perſon; doubt on my part, and reſerve on your's, had wrapt a miſt about you—now mercy beams, the cloud diſperſes, and I behold and acknowledge Penruddock once again.

HENRY *enters to them.*

Henry. You muſt forgive me. Tho' your ſervants were drawn up to oppoſe my entrance, I broke

broke through all their files, forc'd on by gratitude that nothing cou'd withſtand, till I beheld my benefactor.

Penrud. Not much of a benefactor; I have only reſtor'd to you what my conſcience cou'd not keep.

Mrs. W. In the name of goodneſs, what is it you have done?

Penrud. Nothing but wanted ſtomach of a banquet where your ſon was ſerv'd up;—in plainer words, prefer'd my own cottage to his country houſe: Henry wanted a wife, a wife wanted a ſettlement, and I ſtood in need of neither.—I hope you and Tempeſt are agreed.

Henry. A word from your lawyer ſilenc'd all objection—If I have not felt the viciſſitudes of fortune, who has?—from the depth of deſpair, lifted on the inſtant to the ſummit of felicity.—Oh! my dear mother, help me to ſome words that may expreſs my gratitude.

Penrud. No, no, ſhe is mute by compromiſe: when I am quietly retiring from the ſtage of this vain world, call me not back to loſe the little grace that I have gain'd; I wou'd not be made a ſpectacle in my decline and dotage.

Mrs. W. Will you again ſequeſter yourſelf, and renounce the ſociety even of your moſt grateful friends?

Penrud. Madam, I have yet perus'd but half the hiſtory of man; the pages are alternate, dark and bright; I have read the former only: let Henry's virtue ſtand the teſt, and I have all the pleaſurable ſtudy ſtill to come.

Henry. But how ſhall I abide the trial, if you only furniſh the temptation, and withhold the precept that ſhou'd teach me to reſiſt it? What if my virtue be hard preſs'd: where but to your cottage ſhou'd I reſort for armor to defend it?

Penrud. What can you want of me? Go to your mother, drink at the fountain's head; look back upon your father, mark how the ſtream is ſullied. Thus arm'd on each hand, I may ſay to you, in the words of Cato—

Your bane and antidote are both before you.

TEMPEST *and* EMILY *enter.*

Temp. I have broke through all forms, worthy Sir, in bringing you a ſaucy girl, who will fancy ſhe is privileg'd to pay her court to every generous character, that does honor to humanity, and is bountiful to her friends.

Penrud. I confeſs to you, Mr. Tempeſt, I was ambitious to behold your fair daughter, but did not preſume to expect the viſit ſhou'd ſpring with her.—I hope, Madam, there is ſomething here preſent more amuſing to your eye-ſight than a crabbed old clown, who happens to have a little more kindneſs at his heart than he carries in his countenance.

Emily. True generoſity is above grimace: It is not always that the eye which pities, is accompanied by the hand that beſtows: ſome there are, who can ſmile without friendſhip, and weep without charity.

Penrud. Certainly the world is a great poliſher; it makes ſmooth faces and ſlippery friendſhips.—Are you, may I aſk, very fond of this fine town?

Emily. My father lives in it; I ſhould be loth to ſay I had a preference for any other.

Penrud. I ſuppoſe, Mr. Tempeſt, you are one of the vaineſt men in England.

Temp. One of the happieſt I am, and of your making; for Henry Woodville ever had my warmeſt wiſhes.

Penrud.

Penrud. And I hope your lovely daughter meets thoſe wiſhes with all dutiful compliance?

Temp. With the beſt grace in life.; ſhe does not object to take the man of her heart, tho' I wiſh to join their hands.

Mrs. W. Now, my Henry, you are without compariſon the happieſt, or without pity, the moſt miſerable of mankind; here if you fail in merit, you offend beyond the reach of mercy.

Penrud. True, Madam: but the ſons of Cornelia did not diſgrace their mother.

Temp. There again! that's ſomething out of a book, like Emily's Agamemnon, and if it was treaſon I could not find it out.—But come, Henry! here, in the preſence of your benefactor, I beſtow upon you all I am worth—a virtuous daughter, the only joy and bleſſing of my life: money I have none, for I did not underſtand the arts of government; and when Emily is gone from me, I am without reſources; for I cannot, like Mr. Penruddock, take ſhelter with the ſciences; and as for the arts, damn me if I believe I have genius enough to aſpire to the compoſition of a cabbage-net.

Emily. Oh! my dear father, let me conjure you to believe that thoſe reſources which my duty, my affection, have hitherto ſupplied, ſhall be doubled to you in future, when I have ſo kind a partner in that pleaſing taſk.

Henry. When you are not welcome to me, I muſt ceaſe to be worthy of my Emily—If books do not ſerve for a reſource, and ancient hiſtory is too remote, we can find heroes in modern times; and you ſhall fight over your battles as often as you pleaſe.

Temp. That is very pleaſant, I confeſs, for there I can come on a little; but then I grow warm with the ſubject, and Emily ſnubs me for ſwearing; which

which you know, Mr. Penruddock, every ſoldier is privileg'd to do.

Penrud. I did not know it was amongſt their privileges; but this I know, they cannot, in my opinion, have too many; and heartily I wiſh they had more and better than what you have nam'd.

SYDENHAM *enters.*

Syden. I muſt either have the impudence of the devil, or a veneration for your character, Mr. Penruddock, which apologizes for impudence, when I venture to appear in your preſence after what I fooliſhly ſaid to you in our late converſation.

Penrud. Mr. Sydenham, I cannot allow you to call that language fooliſh, which ſprings from a heart that runs over with benevolence: as well you may blaſpheme the bounty of the Nile, becauſe it breaks looſe from it's channel, and overflows it's banks.

Syden. Thank you, my dear Sir, thank you heartily; I have been as ſour as crab-juice with the malice of mankind, now I am all oil and honey, and ſhall ſlip through the reſt of my days in harmony and good-humor.—Ah! Henry—Tempeſt — Emily — Mrs. Woodville—all ſmiling!—Why I am like the man in the Almanack, turn which way I will, a happy conſtellation looks me in the face.

Penrud. Now you have join'd us, our circle is compleat.

Syden. Ah! no, no, no; whilſt contrition aſks admittance to atone for injuries, humanity can never ſhut it's door, and ſay, My circle is compleat—Woodville is in your houſe.

[*Aſide to* PENRUDDOCK.

Penrud. Hah! Woodville! have you brought him hither?

Syden.

Syden, No; we call'd at Tempeſt's, heard of your generous acts, and his poor wounded heart now melts with gratitude: Even my flint was ſoften'd.

Penrud. Well then, it ſhall be ſo—keep this company together in my abſence—ſuch meetings ſhould be private. [*Exit.*

Mrs. W. Oh! Sydenham, generous friend! I heard the name of Woodville, and I know your interceſſion points at him. Heaven proſper it! But can it be? I doubt, I doubt this injury is too deep.

Syden. Doubt nothing. I am confident of ſucceſs—when the ice thaws, the river flows; ſo is it with the human charities, when melted by benevolence.

Henry. Oh! what a ſoul is thine? whoſe ardor even impoſſibilities can't check.

Emily. The attempt is bold; but mark if this is not among the impoſſibilities that ſometimes come to paſs.

Henry. Look, look! your angry lover—

Sir DAVID DAW *enters, and ſtops for a while.*

Emily. Alas! has this poor gentleman no friend to ſave him from expoſing himſelf?

Syden. The Governor begins to briſtle—walk aſide, take no notice, and I'll accoſt him.—Now, my brave knight!

Why glows that angry ſpot upon your cheek?
What do thoſe boots portend; and whither bound?

Sir D. D. Mr. Sydenham, I am juſt now in no humor for jeſting; neither does my buſineſs lie with you.

Temp. With me then—What wou'd my noble baronet be pleas'd to ſay?

Sir D. D. I'm not pleas'd at all, Governor Tempeſt,

peſt, and therefore it matters little what I ſay: I call'd at your door, and was directed to you hither, ſo I made free to ſtep in; and now, to ſay truth, I don't care how ſoon I ſtep out, for my chaiſe is in waiting, and I am equipt, as you ſee, for my peremptory departure.

Temp. Let us part friends however; if you can charge me fairly, do ſo! I'll not flinch.

Sir D. D. No, but you'll fly out, and that's worſe.

Temp. Not I: carry no grievances with you into Wales; I'll be calm as water, ſay what you will.

Sir D. D. Oh! then I can ſay enough—Did you not conſent to my propoſing for your daughter?

Temp. Why I did conſent, I don't deny it; and if Emily had not objected to your propoſals, I ſhould not have quarrel'd with your property; but I'm not ſuch a Blue-beard to deliver my daughter bound hands and feet into your caſtle. If you had not the gift of recommending yourſelf, am I to blame for that?

Sir D. D. Am I? Miſs Emily can witneſs I took due pains.

Emily. Oh! yes; and let not my obſtinacy diſcourage you, for be aſſur'd that half thoſe pains, beſtow'd upon a heart leſs conſtant to it's firſt attachment, and more regardful of it's worldly intereſts, will command ſucceſs, whenever you think fit to repeat the experiment.

Temp. There—there—what more is to be ſaid? —you ſee how the caſe ſtands: I had no abſolute controul over my daughter's affections, and ſomebody elſe had.

Sir D. D. Well, Sir, I underſtand you now; and if you are only governor abroad, and not at home, I am your very humble ſervant. [*Exit.*

Temp. Well—your humble ſervant, if you come to

to that; and a good journey to you—aye, and a good riddance to boot. Isn't it ſo, my Emily? What, does that David think

"I wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
"For *Daws* to peck at?"

PENRUDDOCK *followed by* WOODVILLE.

Penrud. Mrs. Woodville, your huſband and I have concurr'd in opinion that the only way of adjuſting ſuch differences as ſubſiſted between us, is by conſigning them at once to oblivion, truſting that you and Henry alſo will do the ſame by thoſe errors, which now are fortunately heal'd, and can never be repeated.

Wood. Humbled as I am in conſcience, and overwhelm'd by generoſity, I am ill able to find words for what, in circumſtances like mine, I ought to ſay to each here preſent in particular, and all in general. Wherever I direct my eyes, they are ſaluted with a countenance, which, tho' entitled to reproach me, ſeems to hold forth promiſes of pardon: but perhaps, even from guilt like mine, ſome good may be extracted; and my ſon, when he ſhall be bleſt with a wife, lovely and virtuous as his mother, will recollect the follies of his father, and avoid his fate.

Penrud. Here we conclude.—We all have cauſe of thankfulneſs, but I the moſt; for I've eſcap'd the perils of proſperity: the ſudden onſet ſtagger'd me; but temperate recollection, and the warning calls of ſome here preſent, taught me to know, that the true uſe of riches is to ſhare them with the worthy; and the ſole remedy for injuries, to forgive them.

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Miss FARREN.

THERE are—what shall I call them?—two great Powers,
Who turn and overturn this world of ours,
Fortune and Folly.—Tho' not quite the same
In property, they play each other's game;
Fortune makes poor men rich, then turns them o'er
To Folly, who soon strips them of their store.
——Oh! 'twas a mighty neat and lucky hit,
When Pat O'Leary snapt a wealthy cit;
For why?—his wants were big, his means were small,
His wisdom less, and so he spent his all:
When Fortune turn'd about, and jilted Pat,
Was Fool or Fortune in the fault of that?

Sir Martin Madcap held the lucky dice,
He threw, and won five thousand in a trice.
Keep it! cried Caution—No, he threw again,
Kick'd down the five, and *cut* with minus ten.

Giles Jumble and his dame, a loving pair,
No brains had either, and of course no care;
'Till (woe the day!) when fortune in her spite,
Made Giles High Sheriff, and they dubb'd him Knight.
Up they both go; my Lady leads the dance,
Sir Giles cuts capers on the wheel of Chance;
Heads down, heels over, whirl'd and whisk'd about,
No wonder if their shallow wits ran out;
Gigg'd by their neighbours, gull'd of all their cash,
Down comes Sir Giles and Co. with thund'ring crash.

Who says that Fortune's blind? she has quicker sight
Than most of those on whom her favours light;
For why does she enrich the weak and vain,
But that her ventures may come home again?
Pass'd thro' like quicksilver, they lose no weight
Nor value in their loco-motive state;

No

No stop, no stay; so fast her clients follow,
Ere one mouth shuts, another gapes to swallow;
Whilst like a conjurer's ball—presto! be gone!
The pill that serv'd Sir GILES, now serves Sir JOHN.

" Sir EUSTACE had a fair and lovely wife,
" Form'd to adorn and bless the nuptial life,
" Fortune's best gift in her best giving mood,
" Sir EUSTACE made that bad which Heav'n made good,
" Basely allur'd her into Folly's course,
" Then curs'd his fate and sued out a divorce.
" Unjust, at Fortune's cruelty to rail,
" When we make all the miseries we bewail."

Ah! generous patrons, on whose breath depends
The fortune of the Muse, and us, her friends,
If, in your grace, this night you shall bestow
One sprig of laurel for your Poet's brow,
Impart to me your flattering commands,
And sign them with the plaudit of your hands.

FINIS.

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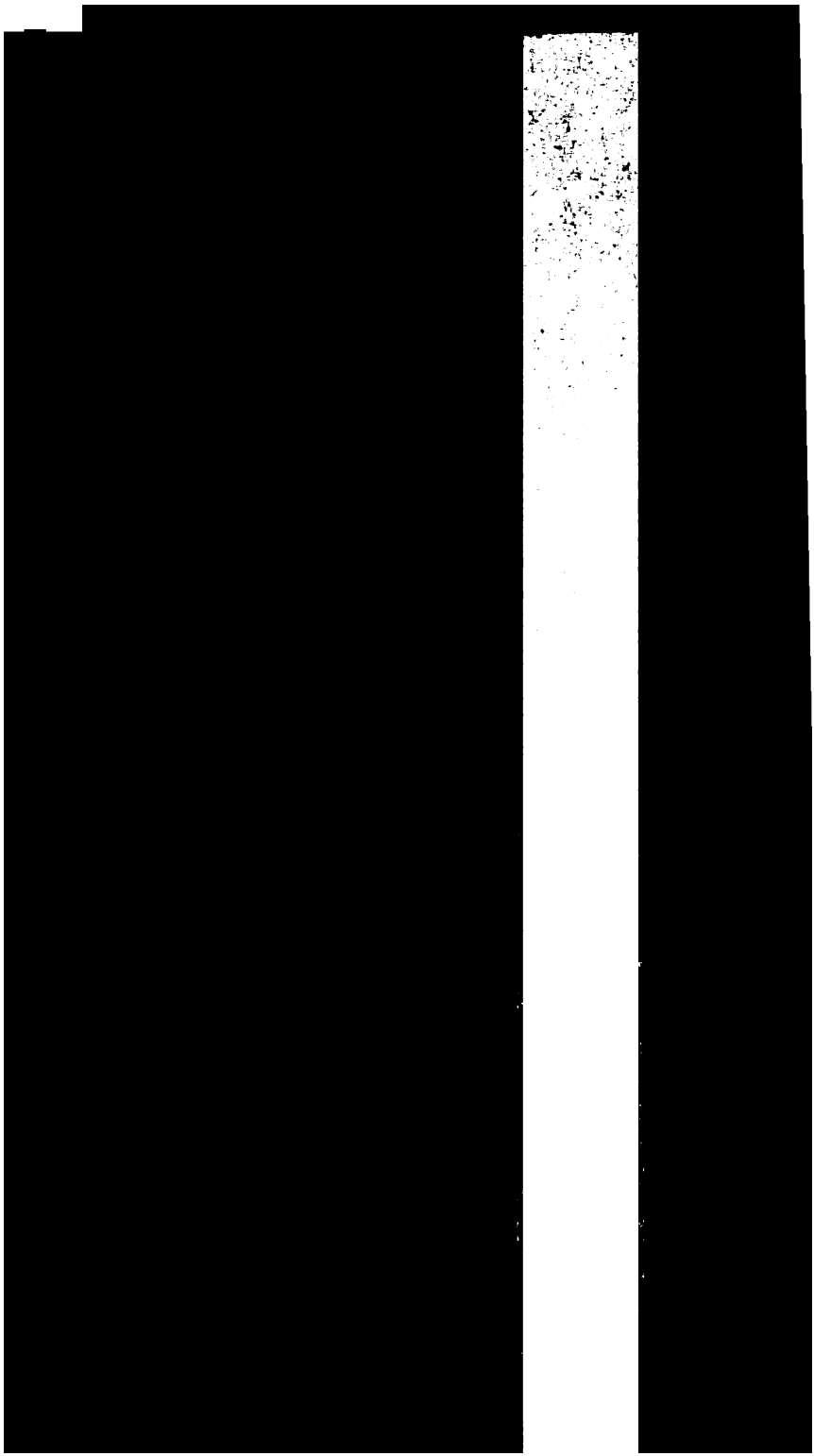

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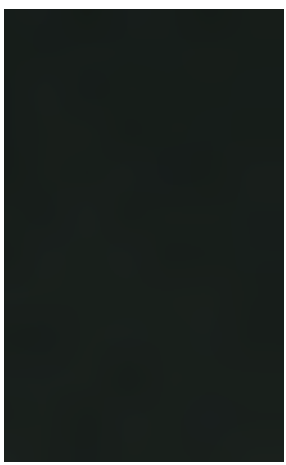
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